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KING EDWARD VII.

BY ANGLO-AMERICAN.

SOME years ago I contributed to the pages of this REVIEW an article, entitled "An Indictment of the British Monarchy," which gave, I fear, a certain amount of not unnatural offence in England. In it, while doing what I considered to be ample justice to the popularity and the political convenience of the Monarchy, I endeavored to show that in certain ways it "militates against national efficiency, emphasizes and encourages what is least desirable in the national character, and perpetuates an atmosphere which is fatal to the realization of the country's best self." I affirmed, among other things, that the British Monarchy, as we have known it since Queen Victoria's accession, is not an intellectual or stimulating force; that it does next to nothing for education and still less for art and letters; that it has lost the idea of leadership and initiative; that its example helps to confirm that caste system, the caste spirit and the caste point of view in the more than liberal place they already hold in the structure of English society; that the qualities of "tact," "amiability" and "graciousness," which are pretty nearly all that are expected of an English sovereign, bear their inevitable fruit in an excessive worship of externals and appearances and in an over-

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valuation of the purely decorative, non-productive elements of life; that the whole system of honors and precedence, of which the Monarchy is universally held to be the source, works with a subtle and degrading perniciousness and creates and popularizes false and therefore demoralizing values; and that the public life of the country, its standards of administration and its social atmosphere have suffered in earnestness, vigor and efficiency by being presided over by a Monarch who is necessarily rather a passive and spectacular figurehead than an active agent of progress and reform. These conclusions were at the time powerfully attacked in the issue of this REVIEW for December, 1903, by an Englishman signing himself "Defensor"; but I see, on the whole, little reason to revise or moderate the general trend of my criticisms. I am, however, willing to admit that in the seven years that have elapsed since the article was written the late King's activities and achievements have brought into clearer light the beneficent influence which the Crown may still exert in British affairs and that a dispassionate summary to-day of the case for and against the Monarchy would result in a verdict considerably more favorable than one felt able to enter in 1903.

I am conscious, as I write this, of a sensation of surprise. Few dreamed, when Queen Victoria died, that her son would confer fresh renown on the Throne she had raised to an unexampled height of honor, confidence and affection, or that he would extend its utility to spheres she had scarcely entered. The English press took upon itself to remind him on his accession that what is pardonable in a Prince of Wales cannot be condoned in a King; and the general disposition of the people was to believe that with all his popularity, his heartiness, his approachableness and his instinct for saying the right thing at the right moment, he would yet be unable to bridge over the gap left by the old Queen's death. It is almost with a shock of astonishment that the country to-day, surveying his nine years' reign, realizes that a more powerful and successful Monarch has rarely sat on the British throne. Where a decade ago people thought of him predominantly as a man of pleasure, fond of the material things of life, *un bon Parisien* before everything, they now recognize that he has proved himself a statesman and a diplomatist of the highest aptitudes. Almost the last stage on which it was expected that he would essay to cut a considerable figure was that

of *Welt-Politik*; yet with the possible exception of the Kaiser, nobody in Europe had more influence on the course of international politics during the past decade. King Edward, indeed, had not been on the throne a couple of years before the country found itself confronted and ruled over by a new man, a man it had previously had little chance of knowing. There were always, of course, two views of the King as of every monarch. There was the private view, the view you would hear expressed in the after-dinner confidences of politicians, diplomatists, society people, naval and military men, and so on; and there was the public view, the general opinion which the masses of the people, working from the outside and in a confusion of half lights, came somehow to form. There is always a gap between these two views, but nowhere is the gap so pronounced as in England. Nowhere else is the difference in the way men speak of the Sovereign in private and the way they speak of him in public so marked. The atmosphere of a Monarchy naturally does not permit of much outspokenness. The few who know and could speak from personal experience pay tribute to *les convenances* by monastically holding their peace, in public at any rate. The many who do not know and can only guess arrive at a few general impressions which are more interesting than valuable. In spite of an overwhelming democracy and the "society" papers, the English Monarchy is still a close concern; and those who have intimate access to it are but a fraction of the people. This, to be sure, is only as it should be. Given a Monarchy, seclusion must be one of its attributes. It dare not make itself chief or take part in any such hand-shaking festivities as come naturally to an American President. At all costs the appearance of dignity and ceremonial aloofness must be preserved. A thousand influences, not all of them perhaps of the most praiseworthy kind, combine in England to keep it up and to make the opinions of the man in the street on the personality of his Sovereign very different from the opinions of those who are really inside the Court circles.

One of the warmest tributes to King Edward as a monarch that I can recall came from a Cabinet Minister who has long ranked among the three or four most powerful statesmen in the kingdom. He had been thrown for fifteen years into close relationship, both private and official, with the King both as Prince of Wales and as Sovereign; and he had never really liked him. That

only made all the more remarkable his opinion deliberately expressed to me some five years ago that "from the day of his accession the King has done perfectly." He went on to say that the King's shrewdness and tact and industry and extraordinary quickness in grasping the point of an argument or a situation had astonished his Ministers. He especially praised the King's "manageableness." His Majesty, he said, had proved far more docile, more willing to surrender his private wishes, less crotchety than was Queen Victoria. "He had not made a single mistake"; it was "a pleasure to work with him"; above all, he was "a man you could convince"; he gave way with imperturbable good-humor when he was satisfied that reasons of State required the surrender of private schemes and inclinations. One such occasion presented itself at the time of the Coronation. There were two gentlemen who confidently expected to snatch peerages from the shower of Coronation honors; they were both warm personal friends of the King, who, for reasons on which the gossip of the day had a good deal to say, was most anxious to gratify their ambitions. On all such matters the late Lord Salisbury was usually the most complacent of Prime Ministers. He looked on with cynical detachment. "Oh, don't bother me about the matter," he was once reported to have said when his private secretary came to consult him about the annual batch of honors. "Don't bother me. Settle it your own way. Make anybody anything you like." But on this occasion even Lord Salisbury was spurred to protest. The elevation of the two would-be peers was not acceptable to the six hundred-odd members of the House of Lords, and the Prime Minister put his foot down very firmly on the proposal. The result was that, after a certain amount of feeling had been aroused, the King gave way. Only his instinctive reasonableness, a quality that never deserted him, could have made it possible.

To the masses of the English people King Edward was first and foremost a "good fellow." Only a few weeks ago an Irish Nationalist described him in the House of Commons as "the most popular man in the kingdom." The description was perfectly just. I mentioned it while waiting for a train to a ticket collector at a small country railroad station. He was a good royalist. "The most popular man in the kingdom!" he said. "Why, he's the most popular man in the world—bar none." "Bar none," he repeated, with relish and conviction. That was,

literally, how the enormous masses of his countrymen thought of King Edward. They liked his unfailing bonhomie and his air of being at home and enjoying himself wherever he went; they liked his all-round sportsmanship; they liked the admirable way in which he combined pageantry and stateliness with the workings of the democratic system; they liked to think of him "having a good time," attending the theatre, race-course and polo-ground without fuss or unnecessary display or any of the military accompaniments that on the Continent convert the simplest incident into a State event; they liked also to think that when ceremony was necessary, no one could be more ceremonial. On all these grounds their opinion of him was thoroughly well justified. He gratified them by being visible and public without cheapening the Crown, by resurrecting the Court in a brilliancy it had not known for half a century, by his skill in raising London to the social supremacy of Europe, by the many and varied points at which he came in touch with the sporting interests of the people and by the atmosphere of heartiness and good-fellowship he diffused. I can recall only one instance in which he seemed to fall a little short of what was expected of him. There was a general feeling that when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman died and the country was left without a Government the King might well have interrupted his holiday in the south of France and returned to his capital. With that exception his instinct for divining the unspoken wishes and anticipations of the country and for acting on them never once went astray.

Walter Bagehot used to say that an English Sovereign had three constitutional rights—the right to be consulted, the right to encourage and the right to warn. He added, shrewdly enough, that a ruler of great sense and sagacity would need no others. King Edward, who was pre-eminently a ruler of sense and sagacity, proved throughout his reign that Bagehot did not exaggerate. And, indeed, when you come to think of it, a monarch who is entitled to full knowledge and full discussion of all public transactions; who may criticise and so alter or modify his Cabinet's decisions; who may suggest amendments, raise doubts, propose alternatives and thus help to clarify the Ministerial mind; who is permanent while his advisers are fugitive, an onlooker while they are combatants; able to take a broad and leisurely survey while they are blinded by a thousand bewildering details—is

clearly a monarch with the amplest opportunities for influencing national policy. King Edward turned all these openings to admirable account. At one time, indeed, the strict Constitutionalists muttered a good deal among themselves over the extent and pertinacity of the King's activities. How far those activities really stretched we may have to wait another fifty years to learn, but it will be somewhat of a surprise if it is not then revealed that the late King took a strong line on two of the most important developments of his reign—first, the settlement of the Irish Land Tenure question and the general approach to a reconciliation between England and Ireland; and, secondly, the reorganization of the War Office and the creation of the Territorial Army. It was, however, in the sphere of foreign affairs that the King made his influence most immediately felt and earned the honorable title of "Edward the Peacemaker." In that field he not only availed himself of the normal privileges of a British Sovereign, but created new ones. He constituted himself in the name of his people and with their enthusiastic applause a sort of travelling Ambassador on behalf of international amity. He assumed the task of approaching the peoples and rulers and statesmen of Europe and of negotiating with them as a quasi unofficial but wholly representative spokesman of the nation. He thus made himself the most commanding figure in European politics and played a part, often the leading part, in a diplomatic revolution as complete and far-reaching as any in history. I need do no more than recall how enormously his visits and his engaging personality and good sense helped to knit England and France together, dissipated the seemingly incurable suspiciousness that hung over Anglo-Russian relations, and cemented anew the friendships between England and Spain, Italy and Portugal. These were very great and very real achievements, and I doubt whether they would have been possible but for King Edward and the peculiar qualities of his mind and temperament. He was an excellent judge of men and affairs with a natural inherited shrewdness sharpened by immense experience and a wide contact with life. He learned and assimilated with extraordinary quickness; a man of strong feelings, sharp decisions and not without a native strain of irascibility he had himself always well in hand; few prejudices clouded his judgment—he could tolerate anything but dulness and flaccidity; his fondness for society and agreeable

surroundings and company made him genuinely anxious to stave off friction, to bring men and nations together and to put them at their ease; everything he did and said showed forethought, maturity and an absence of effort; he enjoyed his diplomatic activities not only for the advantages that accrued from them to his nation and the prestige they brought to himself, but also because the instinct for matching his gifts and brains against those of other rulers ran strongly in his blood.

It will probably puzzle the historian of the future to explain why it was that a Sovereign so successful in diplomacy abroad, so popular among the masses of his own people, should yet have failed to avert the severe Constitutional crisis which filled the closing months of his reign. The anonymous author of an article in the May number of the "Contemporary Review"—an article that was suppressed by the proprietors of that periodical within a day or two of its publication—went some distance towards solving the mystery.

"No dispassionate observer," he declared, "will deny that in failing to avert this collision—i. e., the collision between the Lords and the Commons over the Budget—the King, whether through misfortune or by fault, disappointed the expectations of the nation. . . . The confidence in the Crown, as the honest broker between parties, received a rude shock when it was evident that the King was unable to prevent the rejection of the Budget. It was openly said that if the late Queen had still been on the throne the catastrophe would not have overtaken us. . . . It is possible that the King, like his advisers, lacked the high quality of imagination necessary to enable him to grasp all that was implied in the beginning of a reactionary revolution. . . . That the King did perceive the danger in a dim sort of way is admitted, and he used what influence he had in his own fashion to induce the leaders of the Opposition to desist ere it was too late from challenging so serious a combat. But at this point we lay our finger upon the most serious element of weakness in the whole case. The King has many great qualities. No one is more tactful; no one is more kind-hearted. He is a capital sportsman, and in foreign affairs he possesses a fine instinct which seldom leads him wrong. His very geniality and good-fellowship deprive him of much of the awe with which the late Queen was regarded. The divinity that doth hedge a King wears somewhat thin in the atmosphere of dinner-parties and race-courses. His Majesty is a man of the world, going freely into society. But not even the most servile courtier would say that he has ever, whether as Prince or King, surrounded himself with men who are influential in either House of Parliament. Those who have shared his valuable counsels may be the wisest of men, as they are often among the pleasantest; but to the great political world they

are unknown. With the doubtful exception of Lord Esher, who has one of the sanest heads in Europe, none of those who constitute the *entourage* of the King count for anything in politics. Of the chiefs of our old nobility it is comparatively rare to find any among those whom His Majesty delights to honor. Nor is it libellous to assert that his Ministers, whether Liberal or Tory, have never found in him that garnered store of rich experience reaped by a lifetime of unremitting industry which made the late Queen the adviser of all her counsellors, the vigilant critic of her Ministers, the most influential of all the servants of the realm. The King, in short, has neither the strong character, the firm, resolute determination, nor the keen interest in political men and political measures which would have added to the influence always appertaining to the throne the immense, undefinable weight of a commanding personality."

There is a considerable amount of truth and justice in that criticism. The late King's social preferences were not of a kind that the English aristocracy relished, and the state of quiescent estrangement that existed between the Crown and the old nobility on this account undoubtedly impaired the King's influence in the crisis of last year and made it impossible for him to appeal to the Lords with anything like the effectiveness Queen Victoria commanded. In this respect King George V is more happily situated. He has no "set"; he is believed to have had little sympathy or liking for some of his father's most intimate friends. Moreover, his instincts naturally gravitate towards Toryism, and in the most difficult and perplexing situation in which he finds himself he may perhaps be able to count, to an extent denied to King Edward, upon the co-operation of all classes and parties in working out a solution. To the country at large his true character is little known. In none of his actions has he given any opening for criticism; in none, too, has he inspired any great enthusiasm. He is more interested in politics than was his father; he holds stronger views and he expresses them less cautiously; he lacks the coolness, the tact, the invariable discretion that characterized King Edward; and in foreign affairs he is necessarily without any authority except such as goes inevitably with his great office. It is never easy to judge what a man will be as a King from what he has been as a Prince. But King George V will pleasantly disappoint the general expectations of his subjects if he proves as competent, popular and many-sided a Sovereign as King Edward VII.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.

EGYPT'S REPLY TO COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

BY SHEIKH ALI YOUSSEF.

WE Egyptians anticipated the arrival of the ex-President of the United States with great pleasure and impatience, for all Egyptians believed him to be the best representative of the great American nation, and they still consider that the Americans are the greatest nation in civilization of the present time, and that they are the best friends of the liberty of nations, inasmuch as in that country constitutional principles have received their widest development. Moreover, Egyptians have a greater liking for Americans than for Europeans, because they consider they have not been harmed by the Americans, while at the same time they are getting the same benefit from the American civilization that they gain from Europe. Therefore, the merchandise and goods of the United States of America are in the first rank with the Egyptians, who are anxious to obtain the fruits of the present civilization. Moreover, Egyptians derived special benefit from Americans who were brought by the late Khedive Ismail Pasha to fill posts in the Irrigation Department (Ministry of Public Works) and in the Egyptian army. These Americans are, in fact, the only and real teachers who taught the Egyptians honestly and did not interfere in politics. They may rightly boast that all Egyptian lieutenant generals in the Egyptian army are the pupils of General Stone and other American officers who were with him during the reign of the late Khedive Ismail Pasha.

For all these reasons as soon as Colonel Roosevelt came near the capital of the Sudan on his way from the south all the Egyptian papers of different parties began to praise him and publish long articles on his glorious history and career, and many notables of Cairo prepared themselves to meet him with the greatest cordiality and honor. Many members of the Constitutional Re-

form League of Egypt, of which I have the honor to be president, suggested that we should entertain him at a great political banquet, and a representative of our league actually called on Mr. Iddings, Consul-General of the United States of America, and asked if that honor could be conferred on our Party, begging the Consul to transmit our invitation to Colonel Roosevelt.

Mr. Iddings answered as follows:

"Colonel Roosevelt cannot accept a political invitation because Americans do not allow themselves to interfere in the political affairs of other people; moreover, an Egyptian who was a naturalized American lost his citizenship when he allowed his name to be used for the protection of a certain Egyptian paper from the press law. If that was the case of the public, it is more so in the case of a man like Colonel Roosevelt, who was the President of the United States and may be expected to fill the post in the future."

Notwithstanding his answer, we decided to do our best to receive with great honor the illustrious guest of Egypt. This feeling was shared by all the Egyptian parties and by every person who knew his great name. But as soon as Colonel Roosevelt arrived at Khartoum and made his speech at the Egyptian Officers' Club and at the American School, we were suddenly and exceedingly astonished. His advice to the Egyptian officers was that they should have nothing to do with politics. The advice in itself was very good, for when a soldier is occupied with politics he will be a weak soldier and a very poor politician. Such has been my advice for a long time to the Turkish officers. But Colonel Roosevelt volunteered this advice at a particular moment which changed its effect from a good result to that of insulting the officers and hurting their feelings, and made those who are aware of the facts and state of affairs, amongst whom I am, feel astonished at the behavior of our celebrated guest in the Sudan. We were afraid that he would say more on his arrival at Cairo. Therefore, I at once wrote my open letter to him in "*Al-Moayad*" in which I criticised his speeches at Khartoum and begged of him that he should respect the dignity of the Egyptian nation when in their country.

Wishing to explain the particular cause which changed this advice into criticism and insult, I will state the following:

Before the arrival of the ex-President at Khartoum, it was

well known that the late Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Egyptian Prime Minister, was murdered. He was a Copt, the Copts being in the minority in the Egyptian nation. When the report of his assassination was read at the Egyptian Officers' Club at Khartoum some young men among them were reported to have cheered and welcomed the news. If that were the case, I need scarcely say that they were foolish and devoid of manners. This information was sent by wire and privately to the authorities and was only known to very few, and not one Egyptian paper referred to it whilst it was only a private matter, and it was never known to the public. Even the British officers, who are the superiors there, did not think it was proper to mention the affair to the Egyptian officers. Being aware of what was said about the Egyptian officers before the address of Colonel Roosevelt, I was sure that the ex-President had a weakness, which is not unusual in great men, that point being vanity and the belief that they are altogether above criticism. I knew that, notwithstanding what was well known of his strong will and independence, he might be sometimes one of those politicians who are induced by flattery to do what they never intended to do.

Four months ago Colonel Roosevelt was hunting big game in Africa, and very little reached him about what was going on in the outside world except what interested him of his home affairs and the affairs of his party. Such meagre news was sent to him with the greatest difficulty, but with great care. Consequently, he was too busy to know the affairs of other nations, and it did not matter to him to get the real facts about the affairs of Egypt and the Egyptians. Khartoum was the first civilized city reached by Colonel Roosevelt after his shooting tour, and on the next day after his arrival he gave the Egyptian officers the above mentioned advice in their club. How did he know that these officers were politically occupied, seeing that when they went to the Sudan they were not connected with any political affair and no native or foreign paper ever accused them of being concerned in politics? Was not the ex-President induced to say what he said by persons who are interested that the officers should hear that advice? Therefore, I felt that the ex-President, on coming to Cairo, might be induced by what he saw from his great reception to again submit the Egyptian nation to his criticism and give us a very severe lesson like that which he actually did give afterwards in

the Egyptian University. I therefore wrote that open letter to him, which was the first thing he read as soon as he arrived at Cairo. I have known that he was greatly interested in what I wrote and wished to see me personally, but thought afterwards to see me with some other newspaper men. I remember that when we called he was all smiles and goodness, though he used to strike one hand on the other whenever he wished to influence us with his words. He said:

"I have been informed that an unfounded rumor has been spread about what I said in the Sudan to the effect that I wounded the feelings of the Mohammedans. I wish to say that this rumor is a lie."

He also said what proved to me that he greatly felt my criticism, namely: "I do not want newspaper men to dictate to me. I am going to speak to-morrow in the Egyptian University. Wait till you hear what I shall say and then say what you wish to say."

Since then it was stated that after we left him he edited his speech and omitted many paragraphs, but, unfortunately, there remained in the speech a great many insults to the Egyptian nation, amongst which was his advice to the nation that it had to wait many generations before it could deserve self-government. Colonel Roosevelt took the trouble to learn an Arabic proverb, which is, "God is with those who are patient if they know how to be patient," and pronounced that proverb in Arabic, thinking he might be able (borrowing another Arabic proverb) to throw melted lead into the heads of the Egyptians, where it would cool and get hard. But as soon as he pronounced those words in Arabic every one present smiled, including myself. The ex-President looked at me when I was smiling and smiled in return and nodded to me. Most of those, however, who laughed did so because they saw that the speaker took too much trouble to influence his audience. But every Egyptian, on being told that he had to wait many generations before deserving self-government, had to laugh through his tears and was also astonished.

Egypt is occupied by a foreign Power which Colonel Roosevelt knows is managing our affairs much in the same capacity as a powerful guardian managing the affairs of a wealthy person who is under age. Neither is the guardian willing to release the said person and his property, nor is that person able to become *sui juris*

as long as the guardian prevents him from gaining that end for his own personal interests. Ought not Colonel Roosevelt, while advising the Egyptians to wait generations for God's help, to have taken the opportunity of lecturing his cousins (the occupying Power) in a manner applicable to the strong and ambitious guardian? If it is said that the speaker refrained from giving that advice not wishing to put the Occupation in a critical position before the natives, why did he allow himself to make the position of the natives critical in the eyes of the Occupation?

Does an American who feels as powerful as Colonel Roosevelt find it proper and gallant to attack a nation whose guest he is with that insult, no matter what his personal inclination may be? Moreover, Colonel Roosevelt, in his speech at the Egyptian University, sorely wounded the feelings of Mohammedans and thereby did what he had denied having done in the Sudan. He referred to the assassination of Boutros Pasha Ghali while referring to the minority and majority. He said that "there are Mohammedans in the Philippines, but we do not allow the majority to attack the minority." Thus he inferred plainly that the assassination was an attack of the majority on the minority in Egypt, though the investigation proved beyond doubt that the murderer committed the crime alone and had no accomplices whatever—neither in will nor in deed. It was just as if Colonel Roosevelt was repeating the imputations of certain newspapers which try to provoke disagreement between Mohammedans and Christians by attributing religious fanaticism to the Mohammedans. If we add to the above that Colonel Roosevelt refused to accept the invitation of many notable Mohammedans amongst whom were some members of the General Assembly, saying that his time was too short, whilst accepting the invitation of some notables of the Copts of Cairo the day after his arrival, we may somehow excuse the Mohammedans for attributing to him what he himself has attributed to others.

Mr. Roosevelt made his speech in the Egyptian University at 11 A.M. on March 28th. Many of those present were not able to understand what he said at the time, and therefore the effect of the speech was not apparent, but when the Egyptian papers published the literal translation the same afternoon the people were greatly disappointed. Some speakers held meetings the same evening as well as the next day in many places, protesting

against the speech, and thousands of telegrams were received by the papers from different parts of the country censuring the strong language used by him. I am stating a fact in saying that the Egyptians were not wounded and pained by the attacks of Lord Cromer, in the speech he delivered two days before his last departure from Egypt on May 6th, 1907, as much as they were wounded by the speech delivered by Colonel Roosevelt at the Egyptian University. Lord Cromer was at that time leaving Egypt full of anger against the Egyptians, inasmuch as both parties had many differences which are usually found between a despot and a nation governed by sheer force; whereas, on the other hand, Colonel Roosevelt came to Egypt as an honored guest having the good wishes and respect of all the Egyptians. There was no political reason to induce him to take that unwarranted stand where he judged very cruelly a nation which history acknowledges to have been illustrious throughout the ages and in which the light of civilization has always burned brightly, notwithstanding constant suzerainty of different invaders in past centuries. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt did not know about the affairs of Egypt more than what he had read in Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," and what he read in the British papers. If he knew anything more than what he had read, it could not exceed what a clever tourist knows in the same time as that spent by your ex-President in Egypt, where he was also surrounded by that officialdom which prevented him from knowing many things in a very short time. When I say that the Egyptians were pained by Mr. Roosevelt's speech and that they protested, it must not be understood that the ex-President was at any time in personal danger or that he was insulted, as was published by the "Daily Mail" of London, whose correspondent sent an interview which he said was given to him by our Prime Minister, an assertion which proved to be false.

The correspondent did not state the facts. No! and a thousand times no! That statement was invented by mean persons who wished to ruin the reputation of Egypt, and the same statement was circulated by the help of some British officials who dislike Sir Eldon Gorst.

Unfortunately, the present representative of His Majesty in Egypt is still trying to master the men left by Lord Cromer, who regret bitterly that the days of his Lordship are gone and who

are ill-disposed towards the present British agent because he has prevented them from governing the Egyptian departments and the native officials as they were heretofore accustomed. In the time of Lord Cromer they were all-powerful, to such an extent that it was impossible to tolerate their bureaucratic and overbearing attitude. Therefore, they always try to throw mud at the reputation of the present British agent, who does not countenance such behavior. When these angry officials found that the Egyptians were annoyed at what the ex-President said in the Sudan, they found a chance for circulating a rumor which cuts both ways. On the one side it would make the Egyptians appear as savages, and on the other side it would show Sir Eldon Gorst as being politically weak to the extent that if a great man visits Egypt as a distinguished guest he is not safe and that his life is threatened by Egyptian anarchy.

I don't deny that hundreds of enthusiastic young men stood at the door of the Shepherd's Hotel shouting, "Down with Roosevelt!" "Down with the Occupation and long live the Constitution!" But at that time the ex-President was being entertained at the German agency. Their shouting must be taken as a simple manifestation of the Young Egyptians to show their disapproval of the policy of the ex-President and nothing else. It is true that when the ex-President returned to his hotel and was informed of the state of things he did not approve of it; yet I do not think that he felt afraid for his safety, however much our enemies may have induced him to believe that his life was in danger. The fact is that sensible Egyptians did not approve of that demonstration and considered the same as childish. The result was that the language used by Colonel Roosevelt in his speeches both in the Sudan and in Cairo, as well as in his conversations, which pained Mohammedans—all these acts of his induced the Copts to feel especially inclined towards him, and hundreds of young Copts went to the Cairo station on the day of his departure and shouted, "Long live Roosevelt!" It is likely that they wished to answer those who shouted against the ex-President at his hotel.

On coming to this point in writing this article, the English translator for "*Al-Moayad*" brought me the translation of the following, which appeared in the New York "Evening Journal" of March 31st, 1910:

"At Tantah Colonel Roosevelt was reminded that it was the spot where, in 1882, the Moslems pulled the Christians out of the trains and massacred them. 'Yes,' said Colonel Roosevelt, 'and that is just what would happen again if they had self-rule in Egypt.'"

You see by the above that Colonel Roosevelt was always accompanied by persons full of malicious intentions and self-interest who made him distrust Mohammedans, in consequence of which he unintentionally did Mohammedans injustice in all that he said and, at the same time, was not stating facts.

Colonel Roosevelt spoke on the same subject when the Egyptian newspaper men called on him, and I mentioned to him at the time that Islam was the religion of perfect tolerance, giving the same equal rights to the people of all countries, and that it was through this fact that Mohammedans and Christians lived thirteen centuries in Egypt as neighbors and fellow workers, as one family, and that they enter each other's houses, and that the only difference between them is the way they say their prayers in Mosque or Church. Was the safety of the Copts during all that time due to British occupation or the rule of Christians? We would have doubted the statement of the New York "Evening Journal" had not Mr. Roosevelt given us the severe lecture and had he abstained from insinuating in his University speech that Egypt is not fit for self-government at the present time, but will need many generations. Consequently, the New York "Journal's" statement is worthy of credence, and the words of the ex-President, "That is just what would happen again if they had self-rule in Egypt," are among the results of his being deceived by bad company, such as is always the curse of great men.

Thus Colonel Roosevelt left Egypt, and when he departed from Alexandria and boarded the steamer "Prince Heinrich" on March 30th, 1910, he saw the following mournful spectacle: On one side stood some young Mohammedans and on the other side some young Copts. (The Mohammedans being in Egypt ninety-two per cent. of the Egyptians and the Copts are six per cent., the remainder being other denominations and foreigners.) The Mohammedans were shouting, "Down with Roosevelt!" and the Copts, "Long live Roosevelt!" This was the last thing seen by him in Egypt and the last result of his visit. He came to Egypt with its people preparing to receive him in honor and left the

country with the natives divided into two parties in regard to him, and the result would have been unhappy had not the wise men of both sections worked hard to destroy the bad effect which remained after this visit.

Had Mr. Roosevelt been an ordinary man, or had his importance been due only to his intelligence, we would have said that he may be right or may be wrong and nothing more. But he is the ex-President of the United States of America and may be again its President, and Americans must share a great part of the responsibility which results from what he says of us if that Republic shall long ignore his mistake. It is neither wise nor in accord with the gallantry of Americans that they should agree that Egypt should be insulted in their name whilst Egypt admires them and loves their civilization and sings their praises.

It is not to the interest of Americans that this insult should remain the only impression left in Egypt by the visit of one of their leading men. When Egypt is insulted every Mohammedan on the face of this world feels the insult, for Egypt is the greatest keeper of Mohammedan sciences. In it is situated the sacred Mosque Al-Azhar, which is the oldest university in the world. It was founded about one thousand years ago, and the number of its students is twelve thousand. Colonel Roosevelt visited Al-Azhar, and, though he is a Christian, the Ulemas received him with honors, and the Vice-President of this University presented the ex-President with a copy of the sacred Koran. It was the first time in history that a copy of Al Koran was given to a non-Mohammedan. That copy was one of the valuable treasures of Al-Azhar.

It is in the interest of both Egypt and America that we, on our part, and the Americans likewise, should endeavor to regard the act of Colonel Roosevelt as a mistake committed personally and that none other should share the responsibility; and we believe that Americans are still, in their country, the friends of freedom and are the friends of nations that are governed against their will. This is the belief of the Egyptians.

SHEIKH ALI YOUSSEF.

THE RETURN OF ROOSEVELT.

BY DR. STEPHEN S. WISE, RABBI OF THE FREE SYNAGOGUE.

THE question of the nation upon the return of Roosevelt is not, will he be elected President in 1912 or 1916, but rather, what will former President Roosevelt elect to be and to do upon his return to his country as a private citizen? The power and influence, which seem likely to remain his undiminished portion, would be but little enhanced by his return to office. Nor is the measure of his responsibility lessened because he is not clothed with office. The question, we repeat, is not what are we to do with Roosevelt, but what is Roosevelt to do for us.

If Theodore Roosevelt were to pass from among the living to-day, his fame would be secure. However, because of his comparative youth, it is likely to be his lot for many years to face the searching test to which high renown subjects its possessors. It is to be an extraordinary test, for his is an extraordinary, if not unique, fame.

Let us not be chary in admitting that his fame stands upon the foundations of a just faith in great service rendered by him to the nation. Whether or not in converting the office of President into the place of national leadership, Roosevelt has at times tended unduly to magnify the function of the Executive is a question which may safely be left to the constitutional dialecticians.

Theodore Roosevelt's clear title to fame rests upon his having organized and voiced the protest of democracy against the invasion of governmental function and prerogative by the constitutionally unrecognized powers of wealth and industry. This was and is an imperilling tendency, and Roosevelt, more than any single personality, roused the conscience of the nation to revolt against the threatened encroachment. Whether he has gone too far as urge the "stand-patters under all circumstances," or whether he

has not gone far enough in moving the nation to become conscious of the threatened limitation by extra-constitutional agencies of the exercise of the prerogatives of democratic self-government, we cannot now determine.

For our part, we believe that the administration of President Roosevelt was distinctively tonic in its moral effect upon the nation, and that its occasional shortcomings and blunders were far outweighed by its solid and permanent contributions to the science of democracy. Over and above his loyal support of his two Secretaries of State, John Hay and Elihu Root, in their statesmanlike conduct of our relations to the Far East and the South-American Republics, respectively; over and above his decisive influence in compelling the Russian and Japanese Governments to make for peace; over and above the most helpful example of his native catholicity and unfeigned fraternalism to a multitude of peoples, races, tongues and faiths which are America in the making; over and above his steadfast insistence upon the un-Americanism of capitalist domination of governmental agencies; over and above his earnest and eloquent exhortations to his fellow citizens to cherish the simple and virile virtues of democracy—his most signal and transcendent service to the nation has been the honest and downright way in which, amid the circumstance of highest place, he has performed the duties of that honest, patriotic, enlightened citizenship in a republic which sets the public weal above every private interest and the permanence of national principles above the triumph of transient tendencies.

The return of Theodore Roosevelt makes clear that the lofty conception of citizenship in a republic, long commended by him to the nation, is now to become a test by which to admeasure anew its author. If we as a nation are to-day more keenly critical and more sternly exigent of our public servants, it is in no small part due to the higher standards to which Roosevelt has accustomed us. The excuses of immaturity and radicalism can no longer reasonably be urged on his behalf. For one thing Roosevelt stands to-day, humanly speaking, at the zenith of his powers. Whatever the buoyancy and elasticity of his nature, he has now reached, unless as the carping cynic claims he is fated never to reach, the period of maturity. And as for the excesses of Rooseveltian radicalism, we are at a loss to find the tokens thereof. Radicalism of utterance is one thing and a very different thing

from radicalism in action. Roosevelt is no radical, unless it be radical to insist upon the unimpaired validity of the Decalogue and the Beatitudes. He is essentially a conservator of the *status quo*, which he paraphrases in the more picturesque "square deal." The Sorbonne address, apart from its intellectual outlook and moral glow, would do credit to such a well-balanced and exquisitely poised conservative as was the late Senator Allison. Despite the alliterative allurements, Roosevelt is not a radical, but a conservative—a radical conservative. Vociferous insistence upon private and public honesty is no proof of radicalism, save from the view-point of those to whom any direct allusion to the moral law is as startling as were the trumpet-blast of the Day of Judgment.

Where will Theodore Roosevelt be found with reference to the tariff question is a problem which his return suggests. The one-time tariff reformer was strangely quiescent during his term of office in the Presidency. That he assume the leadership in the battle to be waged in behalf of emancipation from the tyranny of self-protecting manufacturers will be less heroic than would have been such assumption of leadership five years ago. His failure, however, to have a part upon his return in the revolt against the Payne-Aldrich inequity and iniquity would be seriously damaging to his position as a defender of the rights of the people and as an antagonist of unholy alliances between the captains of legislative and manufacturing industries.

Is it too much to hope that the winner of the Nobel Peace prize will prove to be increasingly tolerant toward the weaklings, who are bent upon allaying the "big-navy" madness, who believe that the big-navy programme is the beginning of a movement which may if unchecked confirm the current imperialistic tendencies in our democracy? Is the big navy to be the payment of our premium of insurance that we shall have peace with the nations? Must world-peace be paid for by expenditures of cash? A big-navy programme has no permanent place in the plans of our democracy. It shall yet pass into obsolescence in common with tariff walls. Both things are in opposition to the spirit of internationalism, which it is the part of democracy to further.

Perhaps the most decisive test of the returning Roosevelt will be found in the position which he is to occupy with respect to his party. Here a parallel, or rather a contrast, may be drawn between Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Hughes. Both are pro-

nounced party men, who withal clearly see that partisan advantage is never to be sought at the cost of national weal. But we are led to believe that Governor Hughes would go to greater lengths than Theodore Roosevelt in withholding aid and comfort from "undesirable citizens" within his own party. Thus, after the nauseating disclosures recently made at Albany, which involved the titular head of the Republican members of the State Senate, no man could fairly charge Governor Hughes with having in the slightest degree lent support to these recreant leaders of his party. He has held aloof from the entanglements of party management and leadership because, we take it, he could not self-respectingly take counsel with the men whom he was far-sighted enough to recognize and disesteem at their proper worth—or worthlessness.

We have at times been moved to feel that Governor Hughes, while never chargeable with supporting or even countenancing unworthy "bosses," has upon occasions silently endured courses of conduct among the leaders of his party which should have had his quick and unsparing condemnation. To-day, for example, there would be less occasion for anxiety respecting the succession to the Governorship, to be vacated by reason of Governor Hughes's appointment to the Supreme Court, if two years ago he had insisted upon the nomination of a ticket of higher calibre, if, in a word, he had refused to head a ticket weighted down by men who, save for one or two exceptions, were of dubious worth. But if Governor Hughes upon this one occasion failed to interfere, as in self-defence, apart from every consideration of State concern, we believe he ought to have interfered, and if he has at times been overpatient in his avoidance of personal conflict with the nominal heads of his party, Theodore Roosevelt's record is rather different from the view-point of party leadership.

We trust that it is not unfair to Roosevelt to urge that while his career made the fall of Plattism inevitable, he too long suffered Platt to flourish and at last to linger on. To be perfectly explicit, it was the rise of Rooseveltism that made the continued reign of such creatures as Platt impossible. But there ought to have been no room for Platt and his kind, save for the shortest term, in an order inaugurated by Roosevelt. Somehow the Platts and the Quays not only survived his dominance of Republicanism, but even prospered in their own ignoble way in despite of the Rooseveltocution which had apparently overtaken them. When,

for example, the corrupt followers of the Quay-Stone *régime* in the Keystone State desperately sought to avert the crushing defeat that even apathetic Pennsylvania seemed ready to inflict upon its betrayers, these masters of Statcraft rather than Statecraft brazenly utilized the name and prestige of Roosevelt in order to stave off the day of wrath.

Roosevelt was silent and Pennsylvania was deceived by the name of Roosevelt upon the banners of a party which had more fittingly been adorned with such emblems as a "jimmy" and a sand-bag, omitting all mention of the death's head of piratical tradition. Roosevelt did not place his name upon this banner; neither did he take it off, nor yet insist upon its removal. In other words, such leaders within the party organization as had basely prostituted the public service to private gain, who should at every turn have met with the smiting rebuke of which Roosevelt is the master, went their evil way without Roosevelt to molest them or to make them afraid. And this acquiescence in the use of stolen banners was the part of one whose soul abhorred and abhors the whole treasonable brood of grafters great and small.

Not that he was always silent when his word ought to have been forthcoming! The California boodlers and their associates in the low practices of high finance within and without California were made to feel the sting of his scornful reprobation when he spoke out in support of the few manly men whom San Francisco rejected. At another time Crokerism was vanquished by him in the memorable campaign for the Governorship of New York. But Platt and Quay, though mayhap pilloried in his private jest, were safe at his hands who should not have been safe.

If we were asked to name some considerable disservice on the part of Roosevelt to the nation, we would cite the muck-raking speech with its implicit exculpation of the then not wholly discredited but always discreditable Cannon, and its generously apportioned blame for the muck-rakers, the men who had dared to follow where he had chosen to lead and in so far had presumed to poach upon his private domain. The indictment of the muck-raker, which seemed to the unsophisticated to have been offered, if not stipulated for, as the price of Congressional concurrence in the legislative programme of the Executive, was greatly damaging to the cause of political reform. The muck-rakers took heart and found reprieve in their seeming vindication by the stern apostle

of political righteousness. On the other hand, the muck-rakers lost heart and for the most part threw away an instrument of national defence more urgently needed at that time than all of our thirteen-inch guns.

As a result the Presidential programme was in some part carried out, but at the high cost of an unfair deal to some muck-rakers, and, to change the figure, of the quasi-Presidential condonation of the men who, after a few years, are to-day being "resigned" and retired from office in swift succession to the accompaniment of the Hallelujahs of a profoundly grateful nation. The moral—or immoral—victory of Cannonism, as marked by the famous muck-raker address, doomed the nation to four years more of Cannonism and Aldrichism at their worst.

No achievement of the Roosevelt administration was more imperative and permanent than would have been the attitude of insurgency toward Cannonism and all it implies. But the achievement of spiking Cannonism has fallen to the credit of neither Roosevelt nor his successor. If Theodore Roosevelt had a tariff programme, it was held in abeyance at the behest of the dominant Congressional partner. His successor is fabled to have had an aggressive tariff programme for which the New England manufacturers and other philanthropic guardians of infant industries, abetted by their accomplices in both houses of Congress, have substituted a bounty or subsidy measure for the benefit of the American working-man's employer.

Two qualities of Roosevelt made possible the quasi-alliance between him and the leaders of Congress—chiefly a defensive alliance, which left much to Roosevelt to defend and to explain. Theodore Roosevelt is an intense and uncompromising partisan. Does he love his party enough to loathe its shame? It were, perhaps, fairer to say that he loves his party despite its shame. There have been times in the past decade when partisanship was in irreconcilable conflict with patriotism. Men held it to be the part of patriotism to ignore party affiliations in 1896 in order to avert the evil of a debased currency. It is not less the part of patriotism to forsake the party fold if debasement be current therein. But such is Roosevelt's ardent loyalty to his party that he acts as if it were saintly at best and inerrant under all circumstances. This explains the caption, "Vote for Roosevelt," in other days on the banners, which had been more suitably inscribed,

viewing their possessors, "Vote for me and graft." The corrupt "bosses," condemned by none more than by Roosevelt, took in vain and used to their great profit a name which should have been denied them.

These same creatures, faithless to country and to party alike, suffer themselves to be bound down by no such partisan limitations as they commend to others. The evil of Cannonism, which Roosevelt might have extirpated, was continued last year as the result of a nefarious pact, which won to the stalwart Republican's support the always negotiable votes of some Tammany Hall representatives. The junior Senator of Illinois likewise availed himself last year of the support of some apparently inexpensive members of the opposing party in the Illinois Legislature, and thus, to the disgrace of Illinois, quite irrespective of the exposures being made from day to day, joined the not inconsiderable number of members of the United States Senate who have every title to that high honor which the prodigal and unscrupulous expenditure of money can confer.

For four years the State of New York has all but vainly writhed under the spectacle of an infamous covenant between the worst and not least commanding elements of both parties—a compact which was designed to thwart at every step the plans of a Governor with a conscience and a will. Happily, this bipartisan infamy threatens to encompass the overthrow of all involved. Here is alike an opportunity for Theodore Roosevelt and a challenge. The leadership of party affairs in his own State is almost certain to devolve upon him unless he reject the task. "What will he do with it?" Have we not the right to ask that he shall scourge the money-changers out of the Temple? Can he with self-respect accept the associations which will fasten themselves upon him, unless he smite right and left the men who, while clothed with the responsibility of party leadership and even the dignity of public office, have peddled legislation at variable rates and prostituted power to basest ends?

But it is here that a second trait of Theodore Roosevelt's character invites judgment. May not the worship of the god of results lead in the end to the toleration of questionable means? Things must be done—but not anyhow. Woe betide the idealism, which is so eagerly practical that it will stoop to conquer. Our generation need not be urged to avoid impractical idealism. It

does need the most solemn warning lest it lapse into the ideallessness which is so practical that it becomes ready to practise anything. It was no mollicoddle who warned men that what one would have highly one must have holily. Results are good, but there are better things. Efficiency is good, but to be loyal to the royal in ourselves is better. It is well to be able to work with the tools at hand, but not if these be dirty and defiling. Will Theodore Roosevelt, if he assume the task of party leadership, meet the test of eliminating from party counsels the men who have interpreted party in the terms of a vast business agency, dealing in every manner of political commodity for cash or its equivalents from cut-rate franchises to swollen tariff bounties? This will be the most critical test of the quality of service which this man of almost unprecedented influence will be called upon to render to the Republic.

Not very long ago it fell to the writer to discuss the inexhaustible theme of Rooseveltism with two men, one of whom had been in Roosevelt's Cabinet, the other being a Wall Street magnate. Each unwittingly indulged in prophecy. His former lieutenant unhesitatingly predicted the re-election of Roosevelt and a subsequent change in the Constitution, which would enable him to retain office while he lived. Nor was this spoken in jest, for the speaker was in grim and almost panicky earnest. "But," he added significantly, "Roosevelt will do this not in the interest of his own fortunes, but to save his country." The Wall Street leader confined his forecast to these few words: "Whatever he may do in the future, Theodore Roosevelt will always be a great factor for good."

Each man, the once-honored counsellor as well as the financial leader, paid Roosevelt the unconscious tribute of imputing to him the possession of great power, and each believed, though one framed his faith in bizarre form, that he aimed to use that power in the interest of his country. It is greatly honoring to Roosevelt that, save for some foolish and blatant underlings in Wall Street, no considerable group of men in the nation has lost faith either in the courage or the high purpose of the man. The epithets "Cæsarism" and "Napoleon" may be lightly flung at this extraordinarily popular and captivating personality, but no man believes that Roosevelt harbors any purpose save to serve his country and his countrymen along the lines of constitutional advance

and orderly progress. We have heard no expressions of fearfulness touching the return of Roosevelt save on the part of such "worshippers at the shrine of the well-enough," and of such injured innocents as declaim even against the ancient legislator, whose insistence upon the eighth Commandment has "made lots of trouble ever since."

If we have any concern touching the return of Roosevelt, it rests upon the unwelcome observation that the nation is prone to expect too much of Roosevelt, that it may ask of him more than a democracy may well ask of any man.

We are the citizens of a democracy and it is the essence of democracy that it be democratic, that its citizenship shall be self-governing and self-determining. Roosevelt returns to his native shore to take his place amid the ranks of its private citizenship, and it were lamentably undemocratic to dream of piling upon him our common problems and our nation-wide tasks. He can do nothing for us which we cannot do for ourselves. Ill has he served the nation if by him we have been coddled into enervating dependence upon any man. The leadership of an individual in a democracy, however exalted its wisdom and benign its purpose, must ever be complemented by the resolutely co-operant self-reliance of the nation. Perhaps it has not been the least of the high services of Roosevelt to his people that we face the problems of the future with high-hearted and inflexible purpose and that the forward march of the nation has caught something of his own vigorous and militant stride.

Theodore Roosevelt may again have the right to present his name to his countrymen in connection with the highest office which it is theirs to fill. But let it not come to pass that the people shall turn to him as to their sole refuge. Upon the return of Roosevelt, it is the wish of those who honor him most and love their country best that he may ever be, in the quaint phrasing of an earlier day, equal to himself, equal to Theodore Roosevelt at his finest and noblest; that he may greatly use his great powers unto great ends; that measurably realizing the ideal set forth in the Sorbonne utterance, he may as his country's foremost servant render it the supreme service of helping it to a surer self-mastery and a loftier self-determination.

STEPHEN S. WISE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BY NORMAN E. MACK, CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL
COMMITTEE.

AN article on "The Return of Roosevelt," written at the request of the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, entails a certain delicacy of position on my part, owing to my present office as National Chairman of the great party to which Colonel Roosevelt is antagonistic. I would not be justified in writing at all on the subject proposed except in its purely political bearings. It will be treated here from the political view-point solely, and in nothing that shall be said has the writer the remotest wish or intention to personally offer any discourtesy either to former President Roosevelt or his equally eminent successor in the Presidential office.

It is fitting to tender Colonel Roosevelt congratulations upon his safe return from his African journey. I am glad his health has been preserved—glad that "not a lion did his duty." Gratification that a distinguished citizen has escaped the perils of an itinerary of unusual character, and in many respects fraught with dangers, is a feeling all should share. It is equally pertinent to express a hope that Colonel Roosevelt may also win free of the perils of European adulation which beset him at the moment of this writing. They are as dangerous to manliness, to Americanism, to mental and moral poise, as the fevers of the African jungle are to life. Their menace is subtler than malaria. The intellectual sleeping-sickness they have been known to induce is as bad for the mind as the bite of the tsetse fly is for the body.

The possibilities incident to Colonel Roosevelt's return to this country may be divided into their immediate and remote aspects. If the former President were to do what the ultra-strenuous wing of the Back-from-Elba Club seems to expect him to do, he would forthwith take the helm of the Taft Administration.

I put that proposition bluntly. Its grotesqueness can be shown in no other way so palpably as by stripping it of all extrinsic rhetoric and reducing it to its ultimate essential—that which the alchemists of the Middle Ages called the Absolute.

That the Roosevelt presence will in a more or less marked degree react on President Taft and his policies is one of the probabilities of the case which must candidly be recognized. The circumstances under which Mr. Taft received the nomination at Chicago, and the conditions of the campaign that followed, are so accurately known as to be incapable of being misinterpreted either by hostile criticism or friendly extenuation. Impartial judgment has no course left open but to acknowledge that the Taft nomination was a Roosevelt legacy. It constituted an innovation up to that time unheard of in American politics—the principle of hereditary succession to the Presidential office. It was this which affixed to Mr. Taft and his campaign the “proxy” stigma. It is this which is responsible for the fact that Mr. Taft, nominated through Roosevelt, supported by Roosevelt and pledged to the Roosevelt policies, entered upon an administration inaugurated less under its own auspices and compromised more by the rule that had preceded it than any other administration in American history.

But tacit recognition of these facts, both by President Taft and former President Roosevelt, and the actual utilization of them which is indisputable as regards each, is a distinct matter from their formal, overt ratification by either. There is a technical, though not ethical, difference between availing oneself of a bad policy and deliberate affixing one’s hand and seal to it. Civic conscience should have prevented the former. But ordinary political astuteness ought to head off the latter. Whether it will or not remains to be seen.

Should Colonel Roosevelt force himself into the Taft Administration—should he seek open acclamation as the power behind the throne—he would unequivocally declare to the American people and the Republican party that in Mr. Taft he had imposed on them a mere substitute. Should President Taft permit him to do so, he would admit his nomination, his election, his course since he has occupied the White House to be worthless counters on the table of national politics.

Yet the radical admirers of Roosevelt demand this very thing.

Some who pass as well-wishers of President Taft regard it with an indifference altogether surprising. Such pay a poor compliment either to Colonel Roosevelt or President Taft. What some insist on and others supinely anticipate ought to be unthinkable. The viciousness of the seed sown by the controlling influence of an outgoing President in the choice of his successor receives ominous confirmation in this strange aftermath of the Chicago Convention and the Republican campaign of 1908.

In my own opinion, the immediate problem likely to confront the Administration, through the home-coming of Roosevelt, may be less sensational, but fully as insidious, as that which the Back-from-Elba contingent propounds. Obligations are powerful. Mr. Taft is under unparalleled obligations to Roosevelt. He is not only indebted, but he must ask still further favors. Never was debtor or suppliant a free man.

When Colonel Roosevelt again sets foot in this country, he will gaze down a vista of ravage, wreck and disruption in the Republican party which will make him look back with envy to the colossal immutability of the Pyramids, and will cause the ruins of the Forum to assume in his memory the aspect of a cheerful promenade. The Fourteenth Congressional District of Massachusetts and the Thirty-second Congressional District of New York annihilating the distance between Boston and Rochester by their hand-clasp of alliance against the high cost of living, tariff and trusts; the phenomenal majority of Dickinson in the Sixth District of Missouri forming the middle abutment of the bridge whose Eastern pier rises from the waters of the Atlantic and whose Western arch will be reared at the Golden Gate; the epoch-making insurrection against Cannonism in the House; the Aldriches and Hales preparing their retreat from the Senate; Republican anarchy in Ohio; Republican infamy and panic in New York; repudiation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff by the Republican State Convention of Indiana; insurgency representing the only rally of vital forces to any part of the Republican organism—it is needless to draw more than the outlines of a general situation familiar to all. Let us choose for analysis the problem at this moment most specifically associated with the return of Colonel Roosevelt—that of conditions in the State of New York—conditions that have been steadily developing through all these months of graft and bribery exposures and insurance scandals,

a situation lately sharply accentuated by the intended candidacy of Senator Depew for re-election and now brought to an acute crisis by the withdrawal of Governor Hughes from politics, thus depriving Empire State Republicans of their last asset.

Already the plan is agitated to fall back upon Roosevelt as a last resort to try to retrieve the political bankruptcy of the Republican party in New York—to offer him the support of the National and State Republican organizations for the United State Senatorship—to tender him the gubernatorial nomination if he wishes that instead—indeed, to promise him anything he wants, provided he will act as receiver for insolvent Republicanism in his home State.

To do that and successfully to do it is beyond the power of Colonel Roosevelt or any other man. Yet Roosevelt may undertake the task. And should he do so—should he in the specific case of New York or in the national field aggressively attempt to sustain the hands of the Administration—he would be other than Roosevelt did he not expect to wield in return a potent, not to say a dominant, influence in the White House and with the party leaders. It is this contingency—a contingency of emergency efforts for a party in dire stress, and of compensation for these efforts in the shape of preferred official party honors or of unofficial party dictation, which appears to me likely to constitute the nucleus of the relations of Theodore Roosevelt to the Republican situation upon his arrival in this country—that is, if he shall become a factor in that situation at all.

But there is a larger aspect of the return of Roosevelt which, in the opinion of not a few, calls for examination. This aspect is also the one most removed in point of time. Is there a likelihood that Theodore Roosevelt will be renominated for the Presidency in 1912? On that only a prophet can lift the curtain of the future. But it does not need a prophet to carry conviction, first, that such nomination would be a blunder without parallel; second, that no matter with what *éclat* it might be affirmed by a national convention, it would not reflect the saner sense of the Republican rank and file; and, third, that were Roosevelt to seek and obtain another Presidential nomination, he could not be elected.

The national election of 1912 will be more a battle of principles and less a battle of individualities than any similar con-

flict that has taken place in the United States. A Roosevelt candidacy would be a candidacy of individualism purely. Aside from the appeal of the Roosevelt personality—an emotional appeal to a public which on civic issues is essentially unemotional—what would such a candidacy have to offer? The Roosevelt policies? For seven years they were tried under Roosevelt and then they were given a fresh lease of power. Whether President Taft has maintained these policies is quite foreign to the substance of this argument. If he has not, then he has been inconsistent with the pledges under which his campaign was conducted. If he has, then the failure of his Administration is a sufficient comment on its propaganda. But in any event the Roosevelt policies are a burst bubble. They are an experiment which has been tried and found wanting. This is demonstrated not only by the omissions and commissions during Mr. Roosevelt's terms, but by what has happened since he left the White House and is connected by indissoluble links with his incumbency of the Presidential office.

Tariff revision in favor of special privilege, which has affixed an indelible stain on Mr. Taft's Administration at the very outset, is nothing but the logical sequel to the utter indifference to tariff revision of any kind which disfigured Mr. Roosevelt's seven years of opportunity. The sugar scandal, known to Roosevelt's Administration and disregarded by it; the Cortelyou corporation campaign-fund abomination; the Harriman incident; the Paul Morton episode; the failure effectively to prosecute the Beef Trust; the lapse of punitory efficiency with regard to the Alaskan land-grabbers, prodigality for which we must go back to the expenditures of the most gigantic war of modern times to find any arithmetic of comparison; collapse of any suggested aggressiveness against the criminal trusts and utilization of those trusts for political purposes—these are only a few of the spectres which would dog the footsteps of Mr. Roosevelt from the instant he might definitely seek again to become a dominant factor in national affairs. A vast amount has developed since Mr. Roosevelt went abroad. What was only partially understood at the close of his second term is now fully comprehended. His two administrations are reduced to their actual level, as administrations which with unequalled opportunities for achievement accomplished little at a time when accomplishment was most needed.

Discredited as to doctrine and record, Rooseveltism, so far as it exists now, is narrowed to the bare question of expediency. What standing has it from that view-point? Its sole foothold is the unstable bog of substitution of individualism for issues. Before it rises the impassable barrier of a century and a quarter of national repugnance to the Third Term idea—a repugnance so vehement, so just and so confirmed by accumulated precedent that it has become established as an American institution. To that precedent Mr. Roosevelt himself has formally subscribed, by his declaration immediately after the election of 1904, that he would not again be a candidate for the Presidency.

The reception accorded former President Roosevelt in Europe has elicited a number of laudatory comparisons with the honors bestowed on General Grant during his tour around the globe. The amusement of this species of parallel-drawing is quite harmless and may even be commendable up to the point when it is sought to inject into it a political significance. There it ceases to be legitimate. But to those who seek to read into the foreign courtesies paid to an ex-President of the United States a meaning which does not attach to them, let it be said that even meeting them on their own ground their parallel is far from perfect.

After General Grant returned from abroad, the problem of his political future was not complicated by any such subsidiary process as the proposal to bring Roosevelt to the rescue of the irremediable and the retrieval of the irretrievable in the State of New York. It was not involved in any such preliminary paradox as the supposition of installing the head of a past and gone administration as unofficial Prime Minister to an administration in power. The issue was reduced to two plain propositions: "Shall the Republican party give Grant another nomination?" and, "Shall the Third Term idea receive the sanction of a deliberately adopted precedent?" That was the grand crisis of the Third Term propaganda in this nation. General Grant was not handicapped by any scruples against accepting a third term. Colonel Roosevelt has, with the world as witness, professed such scruples. National antagonism to a Presidential third term was then by no means universal. Now it is practically so. The accumulation of precedent against the idea was far from being so massive—inexpugnable—as it is to-day. Yet with the conditions infinitely simpler than they are now, with everything more fa-

avorable to the exponents of the Third Term doctrine than ever before or since, the phalanx which supported Grant in the Republican National Convention of 1880 went down like the last square of the Old Guard on the field of Waterloo and Garfield was nominated.

From that day to this the Third Term, as a principle, a concession or a practicality, has been a corpse in its cerements. It cannot live—it can only be galvanized. Can anything more vividly illustrate the plight of the Republican party in this year of grace 1910 than that elements in that party—elements indefinite in extent, yet certainly appreciable—are demanding that the Third Term *caput mortuum* be dragged from its shroud and the battery be applied? The party which goes to the sepulchre of a slain fallacy for help is itself moribund.

Thus, from whatever angle we look at it, the construction put upon the return of Roosevelt by those who insist on regarding it not as a fact, but a factor, amounts to an attempted application of inadequate means to impossible ends. His interpolation into the politics of the State of New York will be nothing less than confession that the Republican party, its array shattered, its record disgraced, with neither prospect of success nor promise of reform, thrusts an individual into the breach, relying on the dictatorial will and the personal magnetism of a single man to make the electorate forget the monumental abuses of fraud, graft, bribery, machine rule and legislative prostitution by which it has been victimized. His overt or tacit acceptance as the guiding hand of the Taft Administration is to paint in heraldic blazonry the truth that that administration is too weak to stand alone. His nomination for the Presidency in 1912 would be repetition on a national scale of the emotionalism and the individualism with which his entry into New York politics, whether as State leader, Senatorial candidate or Gubernatorial nominee, would seek to supply the default of issues. It would have a meaning of deeper and more dangerous import even than that, for it would be the apotheosis of one-man power in a great party, and the standard under which the Republican party would go to battle would flaunt the legend that what the American people need is not a President, but a master.

To avoid any pretext for misapprehension, it is proper here to state that in nothing said in this article am I assuming what

response Colonel Roosevelt will make, when he comes back to this country, to those who for personal ends or party purposes stand ready to exploit him. I recognize as clearly as any man can that Colonel Roosevelt has not declared himself, and that his receptiveness or non-receptiveness of what is being mapped out for him in certain quarters still remains an unknown term in the great equation of events. But facts already history, conclusions inevitable as soon as the premises of what is being prepared for Colonel Roosevelt are granted, speak for themselves, and as they are incapable of being misunderstood they need neither explanation nor reservation.

But eliminating both the past and the future from our survey, the grand lesson conveyed by the present moment in its relation to Roosevelt is its demonstration of the straits to which the Republican party is reduced. Desperate is the condition of a party when elements so considerable as those which are relying on Roosevelt and Roosevelt only feel that they can depend neither on party record, party pledges nor party doctrine, but can find hope only in the individuality of a man.

NORMAN E. MACK.

INCOME-TAX AMENDMENT.

BY WILLIAM E. BORAH, U. S. SENATOR.

It is persistently urged that by adopting the proposed constitutional amendment providing for the levying of an income tax without apportionment some new or additional taxing power will be conferred upon Congress, some limitation placed upon the powers of the State. Many are led to believe that we are in effect readjusting the taxing power as between the national and the State governments. With much apparent earnestness a warning is sent forth from certain sources every few days that the States should look well to this attempt to take away some of their present power. Even so profound a constitutional lawyer as ex-Senator Edmunds says, in an article lately printed in the "Congressional Record": "In so sweeping and unlimited a form (is the proposed amendment) as to grant Congress the right to tax the very States themselves by impositions upon their bonds and other sources of revenue. . . . For what reason is this great and radical change and surrender proposed?"

What "radical change" is to be made, what "surrender proposed"? I submit that the position thus taken by the ex-Senator cannot be sustained either upon reason or authority.

Is there any doubt in the mind of any lawyer, or layman for that matter, who has considered the subject, that Congress has power to levy an income tax now—under the Constitution as it at present exists? May we not, if we apportion the same, levy an income tax at the present time? Congress has the power now to do precisely that which is deemed revolutionary and destructive to the States. There has never been any difference of opinion among lawyers or in the decisions as to the power of Congress to levy an income tax. The sole question has been as to whether it should be apportioned or not, and the sole purpose and only effect of the amendment is to relieve from the necessity of ap-

portionment. There was no necessity for any extension of power, but there was a necessity from a practical standpoint for changing the rule for the exercise of a conceded and unlimited power.

There is no kind of property, no income "from whatever source derived," which will be subject to taxation after the adoption of the amendment without apportionment which is not at the present time subject to taxation with apportionment. The taxation of State bonds and other securities will be no different with the amendment than without it. The Constitution says: "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises," etc. Is there any kind of property or any kind of income, "from whatever source derived," excepted by this clause? If certain kinds of incomes are excepted, such as income from State bonds and other securities, where is the language or rule of construction which excepts them? Has any court ever intimated that in the taxing clause of the Constitution is to be found any exception as to incomes from State bonds or incomes "from whatever source derived"? On the other hand, from Marshall to Chief-Justice Fuller and Associate-Justice White in the Pollock case, it has been announced too often for reference that the taxing power as contained in the taxing clause of the Constitution is unlimited, unfettered, covering all kinds of property and all kinds of incomes. There is no doubt, if the taxing clause of the Constitution were construed standing alone and without regard to the fact that it is a part of an instrument of government and without regard to the scope, scheme and plan of the instrument, that Congress would have the absolute power to tax the incomes of State bonds and other securities upon the same being apportioned. And if we should go back prior to 1894 and follow the rule given us by the courts for nearly a hundred years we would have the right to tax them without apportionment.

Nevertheless, the Supreme Court has held that whether apportioned or not you cannot tax State bonds or any of the instrumentalities of the States. Not because the taxing power as quoted is not full and complete, but because this power must be construed in the light of the Constitution as a whole—its scope, purpose and design. The scope, purpose and design of the instrument are to create two separate, and within their granted and reserved powers, independent sovereignties. And it follows necessarily that neither should and that neither does have the

power to embarrass or destroy the other. In other words, that there must always be subtracted from this unlimited taxing power, plenary though it be, the right of a State government to exist and perform its functions. Upon this principle and upon this principle alone the instrumentalities of the States are exempted. Marshall, when confronted with the claim of the States of the right to tax the instrumentalities of the national Government, boldly stated that no provision of the Constitution could be found to prohibit such taxation. But said the justice: "There is no express provision (of the Constitution) for the case, but the claim has been sustained on a principle which so entirely pervades the Constitution, is so intermixed with the materials which compose it, so interwoven with its web, so blended with its texture, as to be incapable of being separated from it without rending it into shreds."

Later, when the question was presented as to the power of the Government to tax the instrumentalities of the States, the court was met with the rule long established that there was no limit to the taxing power of Congress. "That it might be exerted upon all individuals and upon every species of property" was conceded. If so, upon what theory was the income from State bonds or State officials' salaries to be exempted? Solely upon the theory that these sovereignties were in their spheres independent, and that the "admittedly unlimited power" to tax related alone to the property or incomes from sources within the jurisdiction of the sovereignty laying the tax. That the State government and its instrumentalities of sovereignty were not within the jurisdiction or subject to the control of the national Government was the conclusion reached. The court said:

"It is admitted there is no express provision in the Constitution that prohibits the general Government from taxing the means and instrumentalities of a State, nor is there any prohibiting the State from taxing the means and instrumentalities of the Government. In both cases exemption rests upon necessary implication and is upheld by the great law of self-preservation, as any Government whose means employed in conducting its operations, if subject to the control of another and distinct Government, can exist only at the mercy of that Government."

It will be recalled that the income tax of 1864 covered specifically incomes from State securities and the salaries of State officers. This law was held constitutional. That is, it was held that the tax need not be apportioned. There was, therefore, before the

court precisely the situation we would have should this amendment be adopted and the rule of apportionment discarded. We had an income-tax statute specifically covering the subject-matter of incomes from the State securities, and we had numerous decisions of the Supreme Court to the effect that the taxing power of Congress was plenary and yet the court held that you could not tax State securities or bonds. Did the court so hold upon the theory that State bonds were excepted from the taxing power under the Constitution, or that the language of the taxing power was not sufficient to cover the same? By no means. On the other hand, in this very decision, it is said that there was no limitation to the taxing power of Congress. Did it hold this because the statute itself did not cover this kind of property? By no means. The effect of those decisions was that, notwithstanding the unlimited taxing power of Congress when standing alone, it must be construed in the light of the fact that we have a dual Government. The decision was based upon the law of self-preservation—the whole scope and plan of Government as outlined in the Constitution being that there were two separate and distinct sovereignties unembarrassed by each other.

Let us suppose that this amendment is adopted and Congress should pass a law levying an income tax upon the income from State bonds. It would then be said that a statute covering this specific kind of property passed under an amendment covering incomes “from whatever source derived” would certainly authorize the tax. But could it not be said in complete answer to this that upon several previous occasions Congress had passed a statute taxing incomes from State bonds under a constitutional provision which the court had held covered property of every nature and kind, but that aside from the plenary power of taxation and the specific provisions of the statute there was another principle which must obtain when construing the Constitution providing for a dual form of Government and that that principle remains intact? The court did not hold, for instance, in the Pollock case that the income tax on State bonds was void because it was unapportioned. It held, notwithstanding the language of the statute and the plenary power of the Constitution under which it was passed, that the national Government could not tax these State bonds for the reasons theretofore announced in the case of *Collector vs. Day* and above quoted.

Apply *this* test to the argument of those who oppose the amendment: What power would the national Government have after the adoption of this amendment that it has not now? None. It will have precisely the same power to tax to cover the same kind of property, but without apportionment. On the other hand, what power has the State now that it would not have after the amendment was adopted? None. The rule under which the State bonds and State instrumentalities have been exempted for a hundred years from taxation is untouched and unchanged by this amendment. The reasons upon which the opinions are based holding them exempt would be precisely the same after as before the adoption of the amendment.

Is it not incumbent upon those who say that by adopting this amendment we will be able to tax State bonds and State instrumentalities to show as a basis for their contention that the reason why we have not been permitted to tax them heretofore is because there was an exception found in the taxing clause of the Constitution or because there was a limitation as to kinds of property to be taxed? They can show neither. Even in the Pollock case Justice Fuller said that, save as to exports, the taxing power of Congress "reaches every subject and may be exercised at discretion." Justice White said in the same case: "It is unquestioned that the provisions of the Constitution vest in the United States the plenary powers of taxation, and all we have to determine," continues the Justice in that powerful dissenting opinion which has never been answered and never will be, "is not the existence of a power, but whether an admittedly unlimited power to tax has been used according to the instructions as to method." The majority and the minority were a unit as to the plenary power of Congress to tax; also a unit that, notwithstanding this plenary power, you could not tax State bonds apportioned or unapportioned. If the power to tax is complete and unfettered, covering all subjects and every kind of property, will this amendment add anything to it?

In this connection, in view of the holding of the court as to the extent of power now in Congress to tax, do the words "from whatever source derived" therefore add anything whatever to the strength or amplitude of the amendment? Do they include any property or kind of property not already included? For instance, if the amendment read: "Congress shall have power to lay and

collect taxes on incomes without apportionment," would it not cover all incomes just as fully as the words "from whatever source derived"? Has it not been held universally that the words "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes" cover property or incomes from whatever source derived? So far as this clause itself is concerned, the words "from whatever source derived" are included in the general clause because it covers everything without exception. I grant that there was no need of using the words, and that it would perhaps have been better not to do so. It is never well to coin phrases when you know precisely what you wish to accomplish and have the phrases well embodied in the law and their meaning thoroughly established, at hand for ready use. But possibly this happened by reason of the manner in which the amendment came in. This amendment and the corporation tax were the twin children of legislative necessity. Those of us who favored the amendment to the tariff bill providing for an income tax, believing the court would reverse the Pollock case if the question were resubmitted, had secured enough votes to pass the amendment. Something had to be done. So this amendment and the corporation tax were brought in as a substitute, with the understanding and notice served that both had been formulated in the region of the immaculate and both were clothed and accompanied by the sustaining benediction of those who could not err and that no changes in the amendments were to be contemplated for a moment. And thus with that solemn and serious but complacent consideration which always obtains when divine things are passing by they went through the Senate.

Some seem to think that this amendment foreshadows an assault upon wealth. No sane man would take from industry its just reward or rob frugality of a fair and honest return. I believe in protection to wealth legitimately acquired and the absolute guarantee to property and property rights. These things are essential to the welfare of those who do not possess property as well as those who do, and no man would render them less efficient than they now are. But equality of burden and equal opportunity in the struggle for existence are also essential to any successful and continued plan for the protection of wealth and property. We lose sight of the fact that, after all, in a Government like ours statutes and constitutions cannot of themselves

protect property. In the last analysis property can only be protected through an intelligent, law-abiding and loyal citizenship. There is nothing in this world so blind, so incapable of appreciating the forces which in the end will destroy it as wealth. If it were not, it would realize that every time it invades the law of equal opportunity or the rule of equal burdens it is undermining its own stability and inviting its own ruin. Those who honestly and faithfully contend for the equal distribution of the great burdens of Government, year by year increasing, who seek to protect the less fortunate and prosperous against the unjust accusations of selfishness and greed, are the real friends of property and the true defenders of law and order. Such men have no fight upon honest wealth. They realize its value and would protect it. But they know also that the man who walked down Fifth Avenue a few nights ago, hungry and haunted by the cries of his children, and threw a rock at the feasters in a palatial hotel, can no more be ignored in considering policies than the greatest of magnates who wearies with the burdens of his wealth. There are those who even dare to believe that purely as a matter of safeguarding our institutions and of preserving the guarantees of property, to say nothing of the demands of humanity, the legislator should look first into the causes which brought to this citizen of ours enforced hunger and idleness and seek to remedy the same rather than to devote his entire time to throwing protection around the feasters.

WILLIAM E. BORAH.

JEAN MOREAS.

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

WHAT real relation have blood and race to the genius of the poet, and what do we mean when we speak of nationality in connection with art and literature? These questions and others of a similar character are suggested by a consideration of the career of Jean Moréas, the Parisian poet who died the other day at the age of fifty-four. We say Parisian and not French advisedly; for while Moréas was assuredly a Parisian by every quality of taste and temperament, he had of the Frenchman absolutely nothing but the passionate devotion, stamping all the work of his imagination, to the traditions of a literature that was his merely by adoption. Chénier was Greek on his mother's side only, while Moréas was altogether Greek. Yet of the two, it is no exaggeration—and certainly it is no particular praise—to assert that in exclusiveness of national inspiration the latter was far more French than the former. Chénier sought to compass something of the form and spirit of the Greek and Roman poets, and more nearly than any of his predecessors and contemporaries did he succeed in realizing that classical ideal which, and not the continuity of a national tradition, was the conscious aim of the age. His poetry is simple and direct in its expression, clear and harmonious in its design. That of Moréas, on the contrary, in all but its latest phase, is involved, complicated and obscure. He spurned the models of antiquity that were his peculiar heritage even more than they were Chénier's. He, too, made his return to the past, but it was to the past of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, of Thibaut de Champagne and Ronsard, rather than that of Theocritus and Simonides. Of course he knew the poets of his own race too, but their influence was felt by him indirectly, at second hand. As one of the best of his critics, M. André Beaunier, has said:

"He sees antiquity only across the Renaissance. . . . In the soul of the Greek and of the scholar, mythology has left memories of enchantment, and the very names of the learned daughters of Nereia have for him the charm of the divinest evocations. . . . But he is also 'l'élú des Nymphes de la Seine,' and, involuntarily, he somewhat disguises Hellenism with the finery affected by the humanists, and this gives a singular grace to the exquisite eclogue of Galatea, where the sober and powerful poetry of Theocritus is mingled with the pretty coquetries of the French pastoral and the excessively refined courtesy of the Renaissance elegies."

M. Anatole France has written in a similar strain:

"He [Moréas] has been nurtured on our old romances of chivalry, and he seems to wish to know the gods of ancient Greece only under the refined forms they assumed on the banks of the Seine and the Loire in the time of the Pléiade."

And Moréas loved the soil itself no less than the songs that sprang from it. He made himself not only a Frenchman, but a provincial, this amazing Greek, for whom patriotism was so purely a thing of the spirit that he could select his own fatherland and appropriate all its past for his own pride and uses. M. Rémy de Gourmont speaks of the Ile de France as that "province which M. Moréas has elected among all others, whose manners he adopted and which he loves perhaps more even than his native Greece." The same critic quotes the poet's saying that "the contemplation of the Seine and the repeated reading of the twenty-fourth canto of the Iliad are the best teachers of the sublime, by which I mean measure in strength." And again: "The day when I first loved the Seine, I understood why the gods had caused me to be born in Greece." One might almost believe that in this strange and ideal passion for the songs and the soil of an alien land there was the mysterious manifestation of a memory older than the individual; that in the veins of the Greek poet of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries there flowed an obscure strain of French blood from the days of the Fourth Crusade, when the followers of Villehardouin and Champlitte overflowed the land of Hellas and founded their brilliant but ephemeral principalities of Athens and Achaia.

But if there was any such cross in the strain its presence is not recorded. Moréas, whose real name was Papadiamantopoulos, and who was born in Athens in 1856, was, according to the bio-

graphical notice in the latest edition of "*Poètes d'Aujourd'hui*," descended from two great families of Greece. His paternal grandfather died heroically at the siege of Missolonghi, while his mother's father, Tombazis, gained glory by burning the Turkish fleets. The father of the poet, who was still living in 1908, at an advanced age, was a distinguished jurist and an attorney-general. Other relations of the poet hold high places in the Greek army and parliament. Moréas received an education that was mainly French. He once said to the editor of a French paper:

"It was with your poets that I passed the happiest moments of my early youth. I read them constantly, and before I was ten years old I had already promised myself that I should sing like them on a French lyre. When, on the morrow of the war [Franco-Prussian] I left my country to come to France, I left at Athens a library of two thousand volumes, the works of almost all the poets of the Renaissance and of our best classic authors."

Like Maeterlinck, who also nourished his youth on French literature, Moréas was destined to the law, but while the obscure Gandois came to Paris to escape the career of a petty advocate, the Greek arrived there in accordance with his father's wishes that he should fit himself for the magistracy. "At Paris," he wrote, "I followed vaguely the course at the Ecole de Droit. . . . But I abandoned myself to the demon of poetry and frequented the artistic and literary circles of the Quartier Latin." Three years of this life determined his future as definitively as did the few months which Maeterlinck passed a little later in similar society on the left bank of the Seine. Henceforth it was as impossible for Moréas to live in Athens as it was for the Belgian poet to resume his quiet bourgeois existence in Ghent. He tried it for a brief period, then returned to Paris, and did not visit Greece again for twenty years, although in the mean time he had travelled extensively over the countries of central and southern Europe.

Moréas made his début as a writer in 1882 in a little journal, "*La Nouvelle Rive Gauche*," afterwards renamed "*Lutèce*." Verlaine had returned to Paris the year before, and M. Lepelletier, in his life of that poet, has told how the author of "*Fêtes Galantes*" and "*Sagesse*" gradually drew around him the group of young men who were seeking to revive the poetic movement which had been quiescent since the war and the Commune had

dispersed the Apollos of the "Parnasse"; and how he gave to them the gospel which they awaited, in the "*Art Poétique*," with its now famous doctrine:

"De la musique avant toute chose,
Et pour cela préfère l'Impair
Plus vague et plus soluble dans l'air,
Sans rien en lui qui pèse ou qui pose."

Moréas was one of this original band of *décadents*, and the influence of Verlaine, as well as of Baudelaire, is felt in his first collection of verse, "*Les Syrtes*," which appeared in 1884. This was followed in 1886 by a second, "*Les Cantilènes*," in which the ascendancy of another master, Mallarmé, is noted in the definite place accorded to symbols.

It was, indeed, in this year that the symbolist movement was formally started. A writer in the "*Temps*" had attacked "*Les Poètes Décadents*," and in the "*Figaro*" Moréas published a manifesto in which he defended the new tendencies, and proposed the substitution of the word symbolist for *décadent* as the official designation of the poets in whose work these tendencies declared themselves. At the same time, he began the publication of a paper thus styled with Gustave Kahn and Paul Adam as his collaborators. Differences of opinion developed early as to the importance of the place held by the symbol in the new æsthetic, some, notably Kahn, maintaining that metrical reforms were paramount, and that the "*vers libre*" was its distinguishing trait. But there can be little doubt that the symbol, or as we should say, rather, the image or the "conceit," however variously defined and interpreted, was the keynote of the new school. Stripped of its rather mystical and esoteric statement, symbolism as preached by Moréas was merely a plea for a type of poetic art at once more purely intellectual, more ideally imaginative than that which had obtained hitherto—a type of poetry suited to the requirements of an age which, nauseated by naturalism and disturbed by a vague spiritual unrest, was turning once more to German metaphysics, and finding in music its most intimate medium of artistic expression. An atmosphere of abstraction enveloped the minds of the young; the national disaster and the chaotic and unstable political conditions generated a disgust for life and prompted a pursuit of the ideal; the spirit of the Commune, still abroad, operated to bring about a certain lawlessness in fields

where there could be no repressions and reprisals, and where precious traditions of the past could be broken and abrogated with impunity. Exotic influences, exerted by growing attention to foreign literatures, by the very presence in Paris of representatives of these literatures, Belgian and American, with their fresh enthusiasms, newly awakened creative ardor and greater freedom from trammels of all kinds, also served to give impetus to the movement, to shape and define it. As formulated by Moréas, this movement opposed the Parnassian and naturalistic theory and practice principally upon the ground that these considered any given fact as existing poetically in itself. The symbolists themselves regarded the fact as poetically significant only in so far as it was capable of being employed, by virtue of the analogies discernible between all things, to clothe the pure idea and thus to interpret it to the imagination. The so-called "metaphysical" poets of the seventeenth century in England were thus symbolists, and Shelley, who, as the late Francis Thompson pointed out, was their continuator, was also a symbolist. And if the French symbolist sought to establish a veritable system of figurative expression, basing this system upon a metaphysical conception of analogies as an actual chain of relationships existing antecedent to and independent of the artist's perception of them, this must be attributed to the innate logical propensity of the French mind; while, if he loved to impart a tinge of mysticism to his æsthetic, to accord to his symbols a neo-Platonic or Swedenborgian scope and significance, this must, in turn, be explained in large measure as a momentary protest against that positivism which had so long limited the nineteenth-century man's outlook on life and sealed up in him all speculations concerning the unknown and the invisible.

As a matter of fact, there was very little of the symbolist in this mystical and esoteric sense in Moréas, even while he was the standard-bearer and theoretician of the movement. As M. Beaunier points out, the majority of his so-called symbolical poems are merely "unexplained allegories whose interpretation is easy and plausible." Symbolism meant for him primarily what it also meant for his master Mallarmé, namely, a kind of rhetoric, the secret of whose acceptance in both instances lies in a deep-seated disgust conceived for the facile composition and the banal style of the poets who win the approbation of the crowd. Where

Moréas is obscure, therefore,—and he is hopelessly obscure at times,—his obscurity results less from the depth of subtlety of his thought than from a conscious effort to achieve perverse eccentricity for its own sake. At times, indeed, he is obscure from other causes, as, for example, from a youthful desire to experiment with the power of words and of symbols to suggest certain sentiments through their sounds and associations. Behind him, as behind nearly all the poets of this group, is divined the presence of Poe, whose subtle essays in this direction were eagerly imitated, and whose processes were applied with a supple perfection of art and a variety of precise and delicate evocation of which Poe himself never dreamed. In poetry of this type, whose verbal color and music is well suited to express otherwise inexpressible shades of feeling, Moréas excelled. Such poetry is necessarily obscure, since its appeal is wholly to the emotions. But obscurity is out of place in poetry dealing with ideas, and to cultivate it deliberately is a puerile affectation. It was, moreover, in the case of Moréas, an affectation wholly foreign to his real nature in which vigor and lucidity were combined with an Hellenic appreciation of plasticity and sensuous beauty. He was not a metaphysician, but an artist.

"He is obscure," wrote Anatole France, "and one feels that he is not obscure naturally. On the contrary, he places his hand without hesitation upon the exact term, the clear image, the precise form. And yet he is obscure. He is so because he wishes to be so; and if he wishes it, it is because his æsthetic wishes it."

Conscious himself of the inherent falsity of his position, Moréas soon completely discarded this æsthetic, and with a blithe egotism that was a characteristic of the man, hastened to declare that symbolism no longer existed since he had ceased to be a symbolist. In its place he proclaimed another school and published a third book of verse, "*Le Pèlerin Passionné*," to illustrate its principles. This was the "*Ecole Romane*," which has been the source of endless critical discussion and of much abuse of its founder by his old associates, who declared him a renegade and traitor. The purpose of this school was to re-establish the true tradition of French poetry which Moréas believed had been broken by Malherbe and the seventeenth century. In this belief he was principally swayed by linguistic considerations. Barrès called him "the grammarian poet," and the description fits him, for he at-

tributed an overwhelming importance to the rôle of language, both syntax and diction, in poetry. Reacting from the Parnassian position that facts existed poetically in themselves, he virtually maintained the same of words and forms of expression, namely, that they are not merely the product, the vehicles, but the very sources, of the ideas and emotions which it is the function of poetry to express. Hence his growing indifference to symbols as such. Symbols exist in words. Syntax is symbolic. It is, therefore, idle to preach symbolism until we have enriched our vocabulary, rendered our grammatical construction more supple, so as to render the language itself symbolic to the very fullest extent.

Comparing the poets of the so-called classic ages, of the romantic period and of the present, Moréas was struck by the progressive impoverishment of the language since the attempts of Ronsard and Du Bellay to develop its resources. A wealth of admirable words had been allowed to become obsolete and syntax had grown rigid and conventional—*sans race*. Moréas conceived the idea of restoring the decrepit and anæmic language of the present by deliberately drawing upon the resources of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and continuing the work of the Pléiade in still further enlarging these by direct derivations from the Latin. As a mediævalist Moréas may be compared with William Morris, and perhaps the best way to gain an idea of the "*Ecole Romane*" and of Moréas's *chansons romans* is to imagine what the result would have been had the English poet carried his passion for archaism to the point of writing the "Earthly Paradise" in the very idiom of Chaucer. Had he done so, it will scarcely be believed that he would have won many readers, or that the language of to-day would have been really rejuvenated. Spenser, it is true, formed a special semi-Chaucerian diction for "The Faery Queen," but this is a slight matter compared with the proposals of Moréas; and besides, while, unquestionably, this tinge of archaism contributes to the charm of Spenser's naïve and languorous verse, it is by no means a main element in its strength and beauty. Also, it had no effect upon future productions. The Spenserian grace became completely attenuated in the school of Spenser, and both in that poet and in Shakespeare the wonderful enlargement of the verbal resources of the English language was due less to the deliberate attempt to forge a new instrument than to the inevitableness with which, in an age of intellectual and

emotional activity, this instrument shapes itself spontaneously in response to the new and increasing demands made upon its faculty of expression. Language is nothing apart from the mind that employs it normally as its unconscious idiom; and the only way in which a language can be naturally, and not artificially, enlarged and enriched is through some influx of new thoughts and new feelings. M. Beaunier has stated the conditions that govern such an experiment as that made by Moréas clearly and concisely when he says:

"If by a miraculous chance it happened that the language of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance was exactly what our epoch needed such an attempt at resurrection would succeed. Otherwise not. Otherwise a resurrection of this character is a curious exercise of erudition—that is all."

The failure of Moréas's own experiment is placed beyond the question of a doubt by the verdict of the same critic—and, of course, it is only a French critic who can pass conclusively upon this point—that while not all the poems in the "*Pèlerin Passionné*" are equally archaic, certain of them are utterly incomprehensible to any one who has not studied old French. Thus from the obscurity of rhetorical symbolism Moréas passed promptly to obscurity of another sort—the obscurantism of the scholar and linguistic expert. At the same time, he proposed certain reforms in versification of which it is unnecessary to say anything here, since the French system differs so radically from the English that the points involved are without special significance for us. Our prosody is already so free that attempts to free it still further, though such have been made by Robert Bridges and others, appear far-fetched and supererogatory. Any English poet may write practically as he pleases so long as he justifies the result to our ear. If anything, we enjoy too much freedom, and if any reform is needed at all it is one that will lead back to the practice of the poets from Waller to Pope. The rigidity of French metricism, bound down as it is by rules at every point, has, on the contrary, always very naturally led to revolts which are wholesome and necessary, since they are the one means of preventing French poetry from degenerating into that sheer formalism towards which it fatally tends. It is for this reason that Walt Whitman has exerted an influence far wider and more profound in France than in either England or America. For, whereas to us his shapeless

style is apt to appear merely slovenly, in France it has seemed an admirable example of "natural" poetry, a splendid symbol of revolt. Not Moréas, however, but, as we have said, another poet, Gustave Kahn stood principally sponsor for the "*vers libre*." The former simply coquetted with it for a time and finally abandoned it altogether, saying that he had perceived it to be "uniquely material and its effects illusory."

Moréas abandoned the "*Ecole Romane*" itself before long, for his convictions were in so constant a state of flux that no creed could remain permanently the expression of his ideas and purposes. The one thing that gives unity to this somewhat eccentric career of a poet perpetually in quest, is the idea of traditionalism that dominated him. He believed that there was a main tradition of French poetry from which the race had departed at some time, and that it was his business to discover this, to revive it and to carry it on for his age in his own poetry. Not finding it in romanticism or in such poets as Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Mallarmé, he had, as we have seen, travelled back up the centuries to those periods of the remote past when language and prosody were in their formative stages. But, as he said later: "My instinct was not slow in warning me that it was necessary to return to the true classicism and to true antiquity, as well as to the severest traditional versification." Thus the poet who formerly could not get enough of freedom suddenly turned about and subjected himself to a discipline of technique and imagination as severe as that inculcated by Malherbe and Boileau. The verses in the volume entitled "*Stances*" and all his subsequent work are of exquisite purity without a trace of archaism or affectation in the phrasing or in the diction, while the verse structure is absolutely regular both in the scansion of the line and in the arrangement of the rhymes. It is as though Donne or Cowley had in a moment taken to writing like Gray and at the first stroke succeeded in producing an "Elegy." These little poems of two and three stanzas each, in which complete yet voluntary restraint as to form echoes, and is allied imaginatively with a corresponding restraint in the expression, may, indeed, be more properly compared to the "Elegy" than to anything else in English poetry. Like it their language and their ideas are not of any one period, but are stamped with a certain universality. Both poets are artists in words, and their studies throughout the entire range

of their respective literatures chastened their style to a point where it may truly be called traditional—that is, it expresses the genius of the language with such purity that in ceasing to be representative of any one period it becomes representative of all periods. Like that of Gray, the philosophy of Moréas is pessimistic, not in the metaphysical German manner, but rather in the moral mood of antique stoicism. More personal than the English poet's, Moréas's verse contains fewer commonplaces of mortuary meditation and more glimpses of the poet's own soul. This element of spiritual autobiography makes the poems more interesting than the "Elegy" and helps to offset Gray's superiority in pictorial imagination.

Examined from the point of view of what they express, the "*Stances*" differ less from the poems that preceded them than they do in form. It is only the manner that has changed. The pessimism that arises from temperamental bias or intellectual scepticism and issues in indifference to life as such, while, doubtless, time deepened it by adding disappointment to disillusion, underlies all of Moréas's work from the beginning and is implied even when it is not expressed in so many words. Life was for him always "*l'exécrable vie*," and the idealism of symbolism and *décadence* for him, as for his fellows of these schools, represented an attempt to escape from the ugly and commonplace realities of this world into a dream world of his own. That is one reason—perhaps the main reason—why both Morris and Moréas persisted in seeing antiquity through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Viewed thus, its unreality—the unreality of nymphs and river gods, sirens and sylvans—becomes still more fantastic and affords a still readier release for the mind through the imagination. Morris presented himself to his generation as "the idle singer of an empty day"; and just as he asks with an infinite sense of the shadowiness of human things, "what sorrow can outlast a little song?" so Moréas proclaimed it as the function of poetry

"A couvrir de beauté la misère du monde."

This mood merely condenses itself more specifically in the "*Stances*" and assumes the graver, weightier and more positive expression of maturity. The secret of the stoical acceptance and restraint, the contentment with apparent realities in place of

the *paradis artificiels* with which youth sought to drug itself, all arise from the growing conviction that life itself is but a dream—or less.

“Ne dites pas: la vie est un joyeux festin;
Ou c'est d'un esprit sot ou c'est d'une ame basse.
Surtout ne dites point: elle est malheur sans fin,
C'est d'un mauvais courage et qui trop tôt se lasse.

“Riez comme au printemps s'agitent les rameaux,
Pleurez comme la bise ou le flot sur la grève,
Goûtez tous les plaisirs et suffrez tous les maux
Et dites: c'est beaucoup et c'est l'ombre d'un rêve.”

This is often called a decadent philosophy, but it is a philosophy in which great minds have shared, and it comes close to the thought of two poets as different from each other in other respects as Calderon and Shakespeare.

Moréas's last work was a tragedy, “*Iphigénie*,” based directly upon the classical model of Racine. This was given in 1903 at the Théâtre d'Orange, and subsequently at several other theatres in France and abroad, including the Odéon at Paris and the Théâtre Royal at Athens—the last performance affording a fitting consummation for the career of a poet who began by abjuring the divinities of his own Olympus for those of the Seine, and who ended by blending the spirit of two classics—that of Euripides and that of Racine.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

WILL TRADE TRAINING SOLVE THE CHILD-LABOR PROBLEM?

BY OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

THE beginnings of social activity against child labor in this country have been chiefly by repression and compulsion. Perhaps necessarily so. At least such was the programme followed for nearly a century by England and other European countries. But it would be unfortunate to regard them as other than initial steps.

The employment of children, many of them extremely young, has become a part of our industrial system by a gradual and almost unnoticed growth. This was due, we believe, to the operation of a natural economic law coupled with the general lack of public recognition that America has ceased to be exclusively an agricultural country and has become intensely industrial, rather than to any abnormal excess of greed or cruelty, as often charged. The sturdy farmer, merchant or professional man, who boasts himself the glorious example of all child labor because he went to work at eight years old and has been self-supporting since, for many years dominated the situation. His assumption that all child labor is to be promoted because work on the farm, or in the country store, or in his father's or neighbor's office was a benefit to him, expresses the point of view of a large number of our citizens towards a system grown to such proportions that, by the latest census among the 1,750,189 child-workers, not less than 688,207 children under sixteen, 186,358 of whom are under fourteen years of age, are in industries other than agricultural.

The Census Bureau is acknowledged to be imperfect because of lack of facilities for collecting accurate data. But beyond this, some industries were omitted in which child labor is particularly involved. For example, a recent report of the Bureau of Labor in New York State shows a large number of children,

some as young as four or five years, employed in the various home industries in New York City, whereas none of these children under ten years are reported by the Census Bureau. Only twelve cities in the United States are shown in the census to have newsboys. These number 668. But by returns just received from authentic sources, there are to-day not less than 17,000 children engaged as newspaper carriers in thirty-three of our cities. Many of these are as young as six or eight years. Boston alone shows three times as many as were reported for the entire country by the Census returns.

When it became evident that a system had fastened itself on society which added every year several thousand youth to the army of those unfitted for any but the most unskilled and precarious occupations, it seemed necessary to seek measures more immediately effective than the tardy general appreciation of the proper use of the years of childhood. Among the first activities of the National Child Labor Committee on its formation six years ago was a careful and systematic field study in a number of sections and in various industries of the extent of child labor and the specific conditions in which many children are employed. Studies were made and carefully reported of child labor in coal-mines, glass-factories, textile-mills, and in the mercantile establishments and street trades of many larger cities. Although the reports collected frequently disprove the sensational stories of cruelty and oppression that have so often shocked the credulous, they confirm the convictions of school officials and other interested authorities, and the reports of serious students in earlier days. The net revelation of the various investigations has been sufficient to convince legislators of the necessity of putting a legal check on the system without waiting for a complete and scientific arraignment of the evil. The result has been that, at present, in every State of the Union, with one exception, there exists some form of legal prohibition or regulation of child labor.

In the effort to secure these better laws, those representing the industries affected have been frequently the chief promoters. There is a growing disposition among employers, who recognize the short-sighted policy of child employment, to seek the aid of society in bringing competitors up to their own higher standards.

We are repeating the history of factory regulation so long ago promoted by Sir Robert Peel, Robert Owen and other leading manufacturers in England.

The larger social aspects of this problem—the weakening of citizenship and the cheapening of industry itself—are beginning to appeal as motives for action in addition to the mere sense of pity for the wrongs of childhood, which was the chief earlier motive. Through public interest, the beginnings of which date from the earlier activities of trade-unions, women's clubs, consumers' leagues and many earnest individual workers, there have been enacted important child-labor laws in the past five years in thirty-eight States and the District of Columbia. In the legislative sessions of 1908-09, seventeen States enacted new laws or revised existing laws. Five of these States are Southern. Since January 1st, 1910, important changes in these laws have passed the Legislatures of Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, while other important bills are pending in Massachusetts, New York and Ohio.

But we must not be misled by this somewhat formidable record of legislative enactments. The end we seek, namely, adequate preparation of the American child for citizenship, is not attained, but only made possible of attainment by such prohibitions; and it is significant that, although child-labor laws reduce the number and force an improvement in the condition of working-children, the field of usefulness of such measures is limited by their repressive nature. Multitudes of people affected, whether employers, parents or children, resent these laws and look on them as detrimental, while an army of officials is required to secure their enforcement against the connivance of these three interested factors.

This negative legislation has been accompanied in most instances by positive laws for compulsory school attendance. In all the States having child-labor laws compulsory school attendance laws have been enacted except in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. The effectiveness of such laws is strikingly attested by the steady growth in the number of commonwealths adopting them. In 1870 less than five per cent. of the population were subject to compulsory school laws. To-day over seventy-two per cent. are subject to these laws.

But this fact is of slight significance compared with the dis-

tribution of the benefits of public education. The United States Department of Education in 1900 reported that over fifty per cent. of all public-school pupils were in the first and second grades and were less than nine years of age; 87.5 per cent. were in the first five grades and under twelve years of age. Referring to the amazing achievement of a system of education which enrolls over 16,000,000 pupils and is maintained at an annual expense of over \$300,000,000, the Commissioner of Education, in his report for 1908, says:

"The mere ability to read and write indicates, however, a very slight remove from crass ignorance, and a large proportion of our people are in danger of stopping at this point. The early withdrawal of pupils from school is a fact universally recognized, although up to this time there have been few systematic investigations as to the extent and the causes of the evil. Such investigations as have been attempted relate to particular cities, differing widely in respect to growth and movement of population. It is, however, significant that they all indicate a marked decline in school attendance between the fourth and fifth school years or grades, and continued decrease thereafter." (Report of Commissioner of Education for the year ending June 30th, 1906.)

What would be gained by the addition of a few grades to the period of average attendance may be matter of debate. Popular criticisms of the public school are familiar, and the jokes upon the examination papers of students of doubtful cephalization have frequently been arrayed in condemnation of the whole public-school system, which our country has built at so heavy a cost. Despite these strictures, we venture the belief that the American people are not yet ready to abandon these establishments for mental culture. Our hope rather lies in a vigorous pruning and grafting of the "tree of knowledge."

The findings of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial and Technical Education have been largely quoted. They are significant of what probably occurs in other States at the end of the compulsory school period. In Massachusetts there are 25,000 children between fourteen and sixteen not in school, five-sixths of whom did not complete the grammar school, one-fifth did not complete the seventh grade and one-fourth did not complete the sixth grade.

The statement was recently made by a leading educator in Massachusetts that from the army of 20,000,000 children attend-

ing the public schools of the United States during the school year, there would be at least 5,000,000 deserters before the roll would be called at the beginning of the following school year. It is of the greatest importance to discover the cause of this desertion; why there is such a decrease in school attendance after the fourth grade; why such impatience for the last day of the compulsory school period to come; what the attractive feature out of school and what the future of these deserters.

Unquestionably the majority become, temporarily or permanently, wage-earners, either from family necessity or because work promises less monotony and irksomeness than school attendance. The responsibility seems to lie mostly with the child, for out of 3,157 families investigated seventy-six per cent. could give the children industrial training and would gladly do so were it offered. In many instances the parents were found to be spending in supplementary lessons, such as commercial branches and music, as much as the child's income.

It was found that these children seldom receive over five dollars a week before they are seventeen, and reach the maximum wage of eight to ten dollars at twenty years of age. It is estimated that for every one going into an occupation advantageous to the employee, four enter a cotton-mill or become messengers or cash-girls. Moreover, it is rare that one goes from an unskilled to a skilled trade. Out of the fifty cases between seventeen and twenty years of age employed in Cambridge in skilled industries, only one had formerly been employed in unskilled labor other than errand and office work. Boys were rarely found in printing-houses who were formerly employed at other work, and this was true of mechanics, plumbers, painters, glass-workers, plasterers, masons and stone-cutters.

A comparison was made of the aggregate wages at eighteen years of age, of children leaving school at fourteen and at sixteen. The results showed that even with the faulty education now afforded, the child of sixteen goes from school so much better equipped as a wage-earner that in two years his earnings aggregate more than those of the child who left school at fourteen and has been working four years.

Why do such unsatisfactory and poorly paid employments lure children from school? The desertion seems mainly due to posi-

tive dislike of school life and a wish to be active. Influenced by their companions, children have a strong ambition for money of their own. A compulsory elementary education which results in such distaste for school that children prefer to enter some unskilled labor, which wastes from two to four years of adolescence for an insignificant wage and leaves them stranded at twenty, has missed the purpose of education. Some helpful facts they may have gleaned, but there has been little influence in shaping their life and ideals. The most common deduction from the investigations made is that "many of these children would be in school if the school promised preparation for some life pursuit." Our problem is to supply the attractive power in our educational system that will prove the complement of prohibitive legislation and compulsory elementary education.

The adaptation of our educational system to earlier needs in our civilization is well known, but we may as well face the fact that it is at present class education, for the great majority of our youth enter manual trades, while our schools in the main furnish only preparation for professional life. In a recent paper which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" Dr. Paul Hanus describes our present educational system as "general" in contrast with the excellent system he advocates. In our judgment our schools are not providing a general education, but a special class education.

All the dominant characteristics of the regular school method tend to train children to avoid occupations which command the services of at least ninety per cent. of our population, while they are urged by precept and example to seek eagerly the employments of the other ten per cent. The recruits for our industrial army receive comparatively little of the time or money expended upon our public schools.

Educators are giving their best thought to the task of adapting our public-school system to the needs of an industrial society, and many steps are being taken in this direction. In 1890 thirty-seven city school systems reported as having manual training. In 1906 there were five hundred and ten. Trade schools are being instituted in many cities and State Legislatures are rapidly making appropriations for industrial and trade training.

We need not here discuss the excellent programmes which are

being suggested by leading educators, covering as they do the introduction into our elementary schools of practical work with an industrial bent; the multiplication and enlargement of high schools of the manual training type; the founding of trade schools which will provide vocational training to bridge the chasm between fourteen and sixteen, when so many enter unskilled industries; and continuation schools to serve the needs of those who have already entered industry with meagre preparation.

Every revision is admirable that will make our schools a part of real life and impress their practical, helpful character to such a degree that the family will prefer to sacrifice the pittance that might be received for unskilled labor, in order that opportunity may be given the child to prepare for larger usefulness and remuneration. For some families this sacrifice would be impossible because of poverty. In every such instance, in the interest of the commonwealth, assistance must be given either by private or public aid. The question as to the limit of social responsibility is a mere quibble. When society dictates that every child shall be educated, it cannot disclaim the responsibility implied.

But preparation for skilled production is not enough. It has been said that all our training to-day is a training for consumption, but nothing seems to us to have been quite so poorly done. Every worker during his vocational training should have an opportunity to learn something of the demands and conditions of labor in other industries. Only thus can he be fitted for intelligent democratic citizenship, for wise sympathy with fellow workers and for an appreciation of work and the place of the worker in the social scheme. Workers thus trained would not tolerate the inequality of profits to the actual producer and the middleman, so strikingly demonstrated at the recent New York City Congestion Exhibit.

Efficient workmanship and honest service would also be demanded. Whatever the phases through which society may pass, the purpose of education is constant—intelligent citizenship. In a society pre-eminently industrial the education must be along industrial lines, but if it ends merely in the acquirement of a handicraft it is a failure. There must also be training toward lofty industrial ideals. If we could train the coming generation to revolt against tawdry or dishonest goods, we should have some

hope for the steady elevation of our industries to a higher plane. The manufacturer is forced by competition to cater to the majority demand, and quantity is the popular goal. The true craftsman who is dissatisfied with the dishonest results of the speeding which reduces himself and his fellows to machines has at present one recourse—he can quit. What is demanded is training for the entire group to which this craftsman belongs. The very class of people who do the shoddy work buy that kind of goods. This is partly due to their cheapness, for the average mechanic cannot afford better. But let him once sense the affront to his manhood, the insult to his wife and family, the social sin he commits by taking from the hands of the merchant at any price that which is devoid of all ideals of proportion, beauty, simplicity, honesty or reasonable utility:—a new type of purchaser enters the markets of the world.

The training of the child is the main concern rather than the effect this training is to have on industries. Our public schools must be called into requisition not to train experts in single specialized trades in order to lift the burden of expense from the employer, but that the children shall become so alert and well developed as to be fit for a choice of several opportunities. A noted educator has recently suggested that “the last two years of vocational training would include specialized instruction in the trades appropriate to a given locality.”

There is the danger-point. This is legitimate, if the trades that seem proper to a locality afford a fair opportunity for advancement in skill and in wages. Otherwise the boys and girls should be so fitted by a knowledge of other occupations that their future and the future of their children can never be dominated by what may chance to be “the leading industry” of the community. It is obvious to careful students that the dominant industries of a community are frequently not such as offer the best opportunity for the development of skill and advancement to self-support. In spite of this fact, is it not true that the movement toward manual training is too prone to accept the local situation as inevitable, and to seek to adjust itself rather than attempting to alter local conditions? For example, the mining of coal is a chief industry in Pennsylvania, but the child of the coal-mining community, instead of being absolutely predestined in his

industrial career, should have presented to him an industrial horizon broad enough to enable him to choose intelligently whether he will become a coal-miner. It is questionable whether the training offered the youth in some of our industrial centres can be regarded as of especial constructive value. To equip them for earlier entrance into some trade or labor which can never give promise of a living wage may be only to aggravate the evil we seek to abate.

At the present time in the United States six million women are "gainfully employed." Nearly one-third (30.6 per cent.) of all women between fifteen and twenty-four are so employed. "Statistics of Women at Work" (Census Bureau, 1907) gives figures that are startling. In seventy-two of the seventy-eight cities with 50,000 inhabitants more than one-third of all the girls between sixteen and twenty years of age are at work. In thirty-six of these cities more than one-half are earning their living, and in eight the percentage rises from sixty-nine to seventy-seven per cent. of the total number of girls.

Woman is not new to industry, but factory production has forced her out of her home if she would continue productive processes. Formerly women and girls in the home could, if necessary, materially supplement the family income by producing nearly all the necessities. To-day, if they contribute to family needs, they must find employment elsewhere.

Serious social complications have been brought about by this advent of women into industry outside the home. The standard of wages has undoubtedly been lowered, so that in many instances the whole family cannot earn what the head of the family should singly. Many hold this condition responsible for the general unfitness of the wage-earning woman for family duties and responsibilities, for the outside work she enters rarely offers any training that would make her an intelligent consumer. What shall be our attitude toward girls in industry? It would be impossible to exclude them even were it well to do so. The place they fill is perhaps suggestive of a remedy. They are found mainly, especially the younger ones, in unskilled trades, which do not afford a living wage and give no opportunity to learn a skilled trade. The report of wages of women in Pittsburg industries just published shows that sixty per cent. receive wages

less than an amount regarded as a bare living wage. At present one of two courses is open to them: to remain where they constantly lower the wages of others or enter a home of their own untrained in any particular for that responsibility.

Girls should be excluded by law from all trades which menace their physical or moral well-being, and thus jeopardize the interest of the home and of future generations. The trades remaining should be carefully selected on the basis of labor demand, opportunities for advancing in efficiency and remuneration and their effect upon womanly instincts and domestic tastes. In the trades thus selected they should receive as careful industrial training as boys. Such a course would deter them from entering industry at an age and degree of preparation which forbid their becoming skilled laborers. The unskilled trade is often more vitiating to women from the social standpoint than to men. A boy at least looks upon industry as a permanent thing and rarely fails to have some regard for his fellow workmen. The girl is apt to consider it as a temporary occupation and hence does not respect industry and her fellow worker and cares nothing for organization or any protective measures.

The excuse made for not including domestic science in trade schools now existing is that girls do not desire to go into domestic service. It is preposterous that only those girls who are willing to enter such employment should receive this training. For every girl there should be adequate instruction in the subjects that vitally affect the home. She should receive some knowledge of productive processes in general, hygiene, decorative art in its relation to the home and domestic science. Society, in order to serve its own ends, should expect each girl to be mistress in her own home, and if industrial training is provided at all, should embody domestic science not as a fitting for remunerative occupation, but as preparation for home-making. When it does not mark a girl as having chosen to be a domestic servant, undoubtedly many will choose such instruction and go out with loftier ideals of a home and with preparation for its responsibilities. The stigma now resting upon domestic science as being something necessary to be understood only by domestic servants should be removed.

Let us give all our girls the idea that home-making requires

scientific preparation or else give up the theory that the home is especially "woman's work." Incidentally, this might so develop the future directors of homes that they would bring about conditions which would make domestic service a dignified and desirable trade. It is notorious at present that in many homes no self-respecting girl can work as a domestic servant, for conditions are such as would invite speedy correction if any manufacturer or merchant attempted to maintain them in their places of business. And this, not from a deliberate desire to be unjust, but from sheer ignorance.

Both employers and organized workers are divided on the subject of trade schools under a system of public instruction. The manufacturer doubts the efficiency of workers thus trained. This doubt cannot be removed by argument, but only by a practical demonstration of the quality of workmanship. The equipment and instruction should be such that a certificate from a public trade school would mean that its holder lacks nothing that his trade calls for, save the celerity which comes only by practice. However, there is nothing to hinder the inauguration of factory trade schools when an industry so desires.

A most interesting experiment in combining practical training with education is in the team-work system, evolved by the University of Cincinnati. Students are employed alternate weeks in various factories of the city and alternate weeks in the classroom. Thus the employer has a regular shift of two workmen, while the students receive the practical training required under commercial conditions.

Organized labor fears that the public trade school will flood the labor market and increase the sharpness of competition for work. But, as Robert A. Woods has observed: "It is inconceivable that as a class school-trained workmen should not be even more jealous than others of all unreasonable encroachments upon their wage standard, and that they should not apply their additional training to the development of even more effective forms of labor organization than now exist."

All private and class interests must be forgotten in the interest of the social good, if we are to meet the problem of proper education in a democracy. Undoubtedly the manufacturer will profit by having the public, through the trade school, pay for training

his recruits and bear the cost of the material now wasted by beginners. To make the employer and not the child the chief beneficiary of such a system, to make the newer education play into the hands of great industrial interests, would be a perversion of a splendid opportunity. But while this direct benefit to the employer is acknowledged, the trained worker and society in general will reap the chief advantage if industrial training is properly directed. The trained worker will cease to be menaced by the helpless and ignorant competitor, many times the child laborer, now so often the potent tool of the employer.

Moreover, the trained worker, together with society at large, will reap the constant advantage of having offered for purchase in the markets honest products. The community will be relieved of the burden, now so heavy, of that multitude of industrial misfits whose helplessness arises from ignorance and utter lack of training for any useful occupation. Best of all, if there is placed before the youth of our nation the opportunity to learn some one handicraft in its completeness, they can never be crushed to the level of industrial machines. The methods pursued in this educational revolution must keep paramount the necessity of enhancing our most valuable social asset, intelligent citizenship.

Prohibitive legislation and compulsory elementary education open the door of opportunity for youth, but the education must be of such a character as to help the child by its attraction and lead him into such fields of skilled labor that in the education of his own children compulsion will cease to be necessary. The present demands among parents—in so far as they have been able to express their desires—are so wide-spread as to justify more aggressive steps than have thus far been taken in this direction.

OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

A CERTAIN CRITICISM OF ART IN AMERICA.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

SOME little while ago a paper appeared in "The Craftsman," entitled "Individuality, Sincerity and Reverence in American Art." It was written by the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, who was roundly criticised for his views. The nearing completion of the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal and the discussion concerning a new Court House justify a recollection of Mr. Borglum's criticism.

The following extracts give the pith of Mr. Borglum's arguments: "There are three elements absolutely inseparable from the production of great art—sincerity, individuality and reverence." "It is because lacking in reverence, sincerity and individuality, the monuments we have built are not our own. . . ." "Our architects have 'cribbed' every scroll and form we build. . . ." "They annually 'beat it' to Europe to gather ideas to restock their idealess plants at home. . . ." "Our country houses are fashioned after old temples, and we hawk our wares from the windows of buildings redrawn after old palaces. . . ." "The architect, like a maid-servant, draws over the great steel ribs, conceived as Nature conceives, a drabbed chemise in pseudo-Greek, Italian or Beaux-Arts pattern. Then he calls in the sculptor to 'model for him a few figures,' cautioning him that they must be characterless, 'just spots,' pure convention—something that will go with his ornament." "I do not mean," he adds, "that America is without artists, sculptors and even architects deserving the name. There are enough of each to give us beauty in such abundance that the lives of all of us would be better, sweeter and fuller. . . . But the common spirit in sculpture and architecture in America is at the top notch of mediocrity." The cause he finds in the public's apathy toward beauty and

in the fact that conditions here oppose the development of the individual and promote in its place the "machine." "The development of the individual is the end and aim of civilization; the aim and end of the United States is the machine."

The published comments on this article, as far as I read them, were with few exceptions in opposition to Mr. Borglum's views. They suggested that their writers had read the article carelessly and given no searching thought to its contents; many of them, for example, confusing Mr. Borglum's word "individuality" with "original" and "originality"—words and ideas that were not even implied in his remarks. Kenyon Cox was one of the critics who thus confused the issue; and apropos of his own bogey observed, "No art that has amounted to anything in the history of the world has been an original art." As a general criticism of the article he is reported to have said, "The article doesn't amount to a row of pins"—a curiously flippant remark to come from a painter who, in mental capacity at any rate, is a recognized leader among American artists. It is because this attitude of contemptuous indifference to the arguments advanced characterized also the rest of the adverse criticism, that it is worth while to reopen the subject and look it squarely in the face.

I approach it from the layman's point of view and address myself primarily to laymen, since in the final analysis it is they who are responsible for whatever the conditions may be. They pay the piper and have it in their power to call the tune; and, although they may leave the selection to the piper, they cannot thereby escape the responsibility.

That it may be clear from the start whither my remarks are tending let me premise that I agree with Mr. Borglum that much of the art in America—we will not call it American art—is borrowed and that for this the architect must be held immediately responsible. On the other hand, I think the force of his argument would have been increased had he taken note of evidences of individuality that are already apparent, and I propose to supply the omission.

Meanwhile, are we agreed—my readers and myself—on what we understand by this question of beauty in relation to the affairs of life? Do we value beauty as a commercial or as an ideal asset? There can be no doubt that to many people, perhaps to the majority, beauty is treated simply as a means of ostentation and

self-exploitation or of direct pecuniary advantage. A man, for example, builds himself a fine house and furnishes it in such style as to proclaim to all and sundry that he is successful to an extent superior to the run of men. He crowds the rooms with objects of art that bear witness to the enviable resources of his purse; and his wife bedecks her person with Parisian finery, which for one single season's display represents a fortune. Or a successful merchant rebuilds his store or offices that he may demonstrate the amount of his business and attract more. Or a congregation, composed of individuals who are striving for ostentation in their separate lives, erects a church that shall demonstrate to what they call their God that they are not as other men. Or the citizens of one city boast their superiority over those of other cities in the number and grandeur of their buildings. Or, again, to drop to the lower levels of expenditure, the tenant in the small flat shows she is as good as her neighbors by the number of so-called works of art with which she also crowds her rooms.

These and a thousand other examples that will occur to any thoughtful reader are but moves in the game of bluff and brag and exploitation that in society, religion and business occupies the mind of countless people in a country so rich and newly rich as this. To all such, beauty is but one of the means to the end of self-advertising; it is a valuable commodity, a commercial asset.

On the other hand, to many—to more, perhaps, than we suspect—beauty is an ideal asset. They regard it as the outward and visible expression of what they esteem worthiest. They have high thoughts concerning the privileges and duties of citizenship, and in token thereof would make their own place and hour more desirable. And not for themselves alone, but for the poor and helpless among their contemporaries and for the benefit of the generations that succeed them. They lead gentle lives and would adorn their homes also with the evidences and means of graciousness.

As at once an expression of and a help to these ideals they will rely on beauty. But under the impulse of a newly aroused democratic spirit, beauty will be interpreted in the fuller sense of Plato's definition, "The beautiful is the good, the good the beautiful." It is not enough that civic beauty shall come; the

slum must go. Health must abound as well as art; clean as well as elegant surroundings; the reduction of human misery must be achieved as well as the expression of pride and joy in life. Plato's doctrine was nobler and sweeter than the practice of his contemporaries. Their conception of art was a fabric wrought of beautiful living as well as of the expression of that life in forms of plastic beauty, but it was founded on the slavery of the hewers of wood and drawers of water. For us, however, the ideal of art must include the enfranchisement of the abject, for only so can a true democracy fully express its spirit in art. Art, in a word, properly understood, should include to-day not merely the so-called Fine Arts and arts and crafts, but the realization also of the inherent possibilities of beauty in life and the lives of all. It was with this higher conception in his mind, though his critics missed it, that Mr. Borglum wrote. Naturally, however, it was to considerations directly allied to the Fine Arts that he chiefly addressed himself. And these we are to pursue here.

I may preface what we have to say with a quotation from Richard Wagner's "The Art-Work of the Future." "The first and truest fount of Art reveals itself in the impulse that urges from Life into the Work of Art. . . . Only from Life, from which alone can even the need for her grow up, can Art obtain her matter and her form; but where Life is modelled upon fashion, Art can never fashion anything from Life." He makes it plain in the context that it is the life of the people, not of the fashionable few, that will be the true source of art. Fashion, caprice and luxury may produce "art traffic"; but it is from a common and collective want of the people, resulting in a need, which in turn stimulates the action of the artists, that true art springs. In other words, art must be a living growth that has its roots in life, in the natural inevitable conditions of its surroundings. Art, for example, in America, if it is to be true art, must be a product and expression of American needs and ideals. Otherwise, being imported from alien conditions, it is but "art traffic."

If we accept this distinction, we may fit it to the subject in hand. In a general way the notion of beauty as a commercial asset results in "art traffic," while the conception of it as an ideal asset will promote the art that grows out of and interprets the needs and aspirations of the people.

Let us examine what "art traffic" has accomplished in our midst. For no one conversant with conditions will deny that it has existed and still exists. You may disapprove of Mr. Borglum's word "cribbed" and prefer to call the architect an "importer"—probably the only American importer who does not pay a tariff on what he brings in from abroad; you may even defend his traffic with the old stock argument that it is better to copy or "make over" a good design than to invent a bad one. Waiving the point that invention need not result in badness, one may be disposed to agree, but with this proviso: that such importation is only a makeshift, temporary, we hope, bridging over the period until our architects can learn to be creators; that we will not regard it seriously as art, that, in fact, it is only "art traffic."

The responsibility for this "art traffic" Mr. Borglum fixes primarily upon the architect. And rightly so, for as matters now stand he is the master of the situation. It is true he must satisfy his client, but the latter's demands are usually limited to practical considerations; in questions of taste he defers to the architect.

Thus the latter becomes sole arbiter of the design and all decorative accessories. In the case of large contracts he usually controls also the color decorations of the building, the sculptural adornments, the selection of rugs and draperies and the design of every item of furniture and decorative fixtures. He exercises, in fact, a control, more or less despotic, over the sculptors, painters and craftsmen who may be chosen to "co-operate" with him. It is contended that this virtual autocracy of the architect is a necessary feature of successful co-operation. There must be a controlling mind. We will admit it, but immediately inquire as to the quality of the mind and its methods of control. Is it a mind given over to "art traffic" that compels the other workers to subordinate their own individuality so as to conform to the ideas that have been imported? Is it, in fact, the controlling crank in a "machine"? Or is the mind itself individual, in living touch with its own environment, sincerely alive to the needs and conditions of its time, and consequently gathering to its aid a liberty of co-operation on the part of the associated artists? In a word, is the harmony "machine-made" or a product of real, because living, art?

The highest example of "art traffic" and "machine-made"

harmony in this country has been supplied by one or two leading firms of New York architects. Nor does one overlook the immense influence for good which they have exerted on their time and place. It is through their efforts, following on those of Hunt and Richardson, that architecture in this country has come to be regarded by its exponents as a science and an art. From the first they have stood for an exceedingly high standard of taste, for a most exacting sense of refinement; and the influence of these ideas has penetrated far and wide. An air of distinction pervades everything that they have erected, but it is not an air distinguishably American. It is a foreign and an ancient air, borrowed wholly or in part from some masterpiece of the past and of another civilization.

For their motive has been frankly that of intelligent and discriminating imitators and adapters of past and foreign styles. For every one of their designs there has been a direct and conscious precedent. Nor has their tendency been toward a free and independent adaptation of principles of design. It has borrowed with almost pedantic conscientiousness what Wagner calls the "matter and the form," the result being that all accessories of decoration have been compelled into strict conformity with the spirit of the old design. The co-operating painters, sculptors and craftsmen must forget they are American, shut their mind's eye to the promptings of the American environment, and bend such individuality as they possess into subservience to the styles that originated under other conditions among foreign nations in the past. A painter, for example, H. Siddons Mowbray, must be sent to Rome, that for a ceiling in the University Club in New York he may copy the methods and motive of Pinturicchio. For the front of St. Bartholomew's in New York one sculptor, Herbert Adams, is urged to work in imitation of Luca della Robbia; another, John O'Connor, in imitation of the Gothic style.

It is not contended that these artists are blunderers who can only be kept to a "safe" course under the compulsion of being copyists. They are known to be men of conspicuous and charming individuality, but this living quality must be clipped and confined into a pedantic maintenance of the machine-made harmony. Nor is this all. The craze for precedents and slavish adherence thereto prescribe that every bit of furniture and all the fixtures shall conform to the old style adopted in each apart-

ment. For the successful merchant under this system swallows his morning coffee in a Jacobean breakfast-room, while his wife still dallies in a Watteau *boudoir*; later in the day they will dine together amid the heavy magnificence of the Grand Monarch and hold a reception in a salon decorated *à la Régence*, or, if they be alone, retire to a cozy corner in their Dutch smoking-room. Accordingly, to fit this medley of borrowed motives the artificers of all kinds must be forced to imitate. They are not allowed to take an old motive and translate it freely into the spirit of present needs and conditions; they must copy the photograph or measured drawing of some antique example. Or to the same ends Europe must be ransacked in the interests of machine-made harmony. The example of these architects has stimulated the ingenuity of dealers, until our grand houses and the contributing dealers' stores are choked with antiques or near-antiques. For as the supply of the genuine gives out the faked article must be manufactured to meet the regular demand, and Americans of wealth become the easy prey of European and American fakirs.

Apropos of this is the following story, the truth of which was vouched for by the man who related it: A Fifth Avenue firm of decorators—the name was mentioned—recently leased a château near Paris and furnished it throughout with “near-antiques.” They engaged a man as “marquis,” who brought with him a woman to impersonate “marquise.” This aristocratic couple had met with reverses and were compelled to part with their ancestral goods. To increase the pathos of the affair, some little children were also engaged, and to insure effect without risk some English servants who could not speak French. The trap was set and presently the firm steered a rich Westerner toward it. He was just about to buy the contents of the mansion *en bloc* when the gendarmes appeared. The “marquis” was wanted as an ex-convict!

Surely this is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the craze for “art traffic.” Even when it does not go so far as the gross dishonesty of the above case, is it not destructive of sincerity and individuality in all who countenance it and are compelled to conform to it? Can a system that, like a machine, grinds out art in imitation of a prescribed style be regarded as sincere? Are we sincere in our attitude toward art when we let such a system go by default as representing art in America? Would any judge or lawyer

or client be satisfied with a judgment based exclusively on common law? But if law is a living system founded on continual additions and emendations corresponding to the changes in the people's needs and conditions, why not look for the same evolution in art? Is there in America any sign of such evolution? As a matter of fact there is.

Mr. Borglum made only an incidental allusion to it when he spoke of the "great steel ribs, conceived as Nature conceives, over which, however, the architect like a maid-servant draws a drabbed chemise of pseudo-Greek, Italian or Beaux-Arts pattern." For the purposes of his argument, he cited only the insincere use which had been made of what in itself is a conspicuous example of sincerity and individuality, namely, steel construction.

It was at first an engineering problem. Some one conceived the idea of substituting the steel truss for timber beams and the steel method of construction for the arches and vaultings of masonry. The engineering mind at once recognized its application to the problem of American conditions, namely, the need to utilize to its fullest capacity the ground space. The cellular arrangement could be carried up to practically any height. This was a sincere acceptance of American conditions and an individual response to them. But did the architect exhibit similar sincerity and individuality when he set about clothing these skeletons of construction? Not at first. He was confronted with a new problem, the essence of which was height. He blundered around for precedents. The only one had been the Tower of Babel, of which no photograph or measured drawings existed. What was to be done? His precedents had to do with other conditions, involving the Greek assertion of the horizontal line, or the Roman carrying of the building a little higher by a series of columns and arches, or the Renaissance utilization of this repetition of motives for purposes of decorative effect. So at first he did what a child does with his blocks; he piled one "order" upon another. The plan was arbitrary and illogical, and its failure to meet modern conditions became more and more obvious as the height of the tall buildings steadily increased.

Then appeared a man of sincerity and individuality, Louis H. Sullivan, of Chicago. Accepting the conditions simply as they are, he sought to evolve from them a logical principle of harmony. He found it in the character of the steel construction

itself. He would convert the height itself into an element of dignity. Instead of putting a series of boxes one on top of another, he emphasized the idea of growth upward by shafts of masonry carried continuously up through the design and culminating, as a flower does on its stalk, in a spreading cup or cornice. This principle, capable of great variety of treatment, has influenced the design of many of our later buildings, though it has been unaccountably ignored in the high tower of the Metropolitan Life Building. The latter is still an illustration of the child's block system, a monument to a great opportunity of sincere and individual beauty inadequately seized.

It is not suggested that in the best examples of clothing the steel construction the architects have been under no obligations to the past. They have not disinherited themselves from the legacy of beautiful traditions, but in using old forms they are adapting them to the new design imposed by new conditions. They are not engaged in the futile effort to adapt the new design to old forms. This in a nut-shell is the difference in motive between the "art trafficker" and the artist who sincerely and individually tries to give æsthetic expression to the common and collective need of his own place and hour.

Similarly in domestic architecture the habit of importing wholesale from abroad and from past times is yielding to an adaptation of the old to the new that is marked by sincerity and individuality. The time is passing when an architect will be content to erect a French château in New York or an Italian villa on the hills of New Jersey. As the individual genius of American business is being embodied in terms of art in office-buildings, so the story of American family life is being gradually written æsthetically in our homes.

It need hardly be added that, as the architects learn to plan and design in the spirit of their own time and place and surroundings, a corresponding opportunity of sincerity and individuality becomes possible to the artists associated with them in the decoration and furnishing of the buildings. No longer shackled to precedent and forced into the groove of copyists, they are allowed a liberty of imagination and motive. They are co-operating in something which is not the *simulacrum* of a dead past, but a vital expression of the living moment. Theirs can be the sincerity and individuality which come of lively par-

ticipation in the life around them. They need no longer be art traffickers, but so far as it is in them living artists.

It is these examples, as yet few and far between, of sincerity and individuality in public and private buildings that interest the intelligent foreign critic. He is conscious of something uniquely stimulating in the American environment; he looks for some æsthetic expression of it in our art, and when he finds it rejoices as in something new and vital. For the foreign importation, whether sumptuous or tawdry, he has little or no use. He has seen the originals in their own environment and regards their imitations here as false in art and impotent in purpose. Indeed, he has often more reverence for what is fine in the American spirit than Americans themselves.

For to come to Mr. Borglum's past point, the lack of reverence in this country, it is a lack conspicuous in the average attitude as well toward life as toward art. And the latter follows from the former, for how shall a man's expression of beauty be higher than his realization of life? If the latter shapes itself to his practice as a mad race to outdo others in politics, society and commerce, how shall there be room for the play of high ideals of life and conduct? Perforce he becomes a part of a machine overwhelmed in the intricacy of the other wheels and cranks.

And it is because so many are thus submerged in machines, political, commercial and social, that they have ceased to be individuals, are no longer permitted to be sincere in their attitude toward life and have sold their reverence for a mess of pottage. Hence public opinion, which is but the aggregate of individual right thinking and feeling, is, in a place like New York, practically non-existent. Slums abound, preventable disease is spreading havoc for the next generation, and private greed befouls our streets and disfigures our sky-line, but who cares? Chained to the Juggernaut of the machine, the public has no time to care. It is the devil take the hindmost; and after us the deluge.

No; it is only when men and women in sufficient numbers reverence their individuality, and sincerely face the problems of right and true living, and exhibit in practice this reverence for high ideals, that the common and collective need of the American people will indeed express itself in an art distinguishably and worthily American. Until then art traffic will be in the ascendant.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

the larger gold-supply has enriched every country, it should have driven prices upward with some degree of uniformity on all the shores of exchange.

One of the causes affecting prices is the enormous addition to the wealth of the producing class, either owned by them or at their command. For many years in the history of American production the farmer, the cotton-planter, the manufacturer, was obliged to part with his product at the earliest moment, because he was always in debt and needed money to pay interest, employees, for raw material; in short, for all business and household expenditures. Always feeling, therefore, the pressure to sell, he could not long withhold his product for a better market. To accumulate goods was both costly and risky; and capital, if desired, could not be borrowed for such a venture. For the much longer period of our national existence this has been emphatically the buyer's market.

At last, in the fulness of time, a change has come. Farmers have paid off their mortgages; many of them have invested money in new enterprises. If farms are still mortgaged, as many of them are, the new obligations are incurred for purchasing additional lands or for other undertakings. Released from bondage to the interest-receiver, with adequate means to pay the cost of raising crops and to maintain household expenses, farmers can now hold their produce until the highest price is within reach. Or, if not having sufficient means to do this, as their prosperity has evolved credit, banks will lend to them all the money required. Any newspaper reader may learn that many farmers are now holding back their wheat, believing the price will be higher. A few years ago no one ever read of such a movement; farmers sold their grain at the first opportunity. Now elevators everywhere mark the wheat-growing regions in which farmers can store their wheat and get advances, if needed, and thus wait until the harvesting of the next crop, or even longer, before parting with their wheat. The market, therefore, has become the sellers' market, nor is any danger mark within sight to disturb their control.

The cotton-grower this year has the advantage of a short crop; the fact is everywhere known, and he, like the farmer, has taken advantage of the situation. A few years ago, if such an event had happened, his need of immediate means to pay his debts was

so great that he would have been obliged to sell; the middleman or cotton manufacturer would have reaped the profits. To-day, he is free from the tyranny of debt, and if, like the farmer, he wishes to retain his cotton for a few months or longer he can store it and wait. If needing money, he can pledge his cotton to a bank. The cotton-market, therefore, is no longer the buyer's; the cotton-grower can meet him on even or self-advantageous terms.

The completeness of control possessed by the American Sugar Refining and Standard Oil Companies over their respective products, no one will question. Whether they are demanding excessive profits from consumers is not so clearly known. The price of oil is declared by those who profess to know much too high; by others, who are as well informed, reasonable. The Sugar Company in its last report stated that the cost of raw sugar during 1909 was four cents per pound and the price of granulated 4.76 cents, a sum that does not appear to be unreasonable.* On the other hand, their report shows a surplus of \$25,576,936 after declaring the usual dividend, which seems to be strong proof that the business is highly prosperous.

Passing to the manufacturers of metal, textile and chemical products, a similar deduction is within the truth. Not long ago most of them possessed inadequate capital and were often dependent on their commission houses for means to carry on their business. In the earlier days the commission house was a most important link in the chain of production. It furnished the means directly or obtained the means from banking institutions. Then goods must be sold to pay advances on them; the risk of loss from decline in price or from the ceaseless claim of the interest-receiver was too great to justify keeping them hardly beyond the demand of the first customer. If he did not soon appear, they were put into an auction house and forced on the market. Thus the manufacturer's lack of insufficient capital to

* SUGAR PRICES, 1905-1909.

Year	Raw 96° Polariza- tion Cents	Average	Refined Granulated Cents	Average	Differ.	Average
1905	4.278	—	5.256	—	.978	—
1906	3.686	—	4.515	—	.829	—
1907	3.756	3.960	4.649	4.28	.893	.868
1908	4.073	—	4.957	—	.884	—
1909	4.007	—	4.765	—	.758	—

pay for stock, for his pay-roll and other essentials, was always pressing on him and compelling him to sell, thus giving the buyer a distinct advantage.

To-day, manufacturers of every class have become rich, and, if needing money, can borrow directly from banks; the commission house is no longer an indispensable wheel in the machinery of production. The textile manufacturer deals directly with the great department store; the metal manufacturer with the builder, railroad company or other consumer; many agents or middlemen have been eliminated. Thus possessing all the means required to produce and hold their goods, manufacturers are no longer placed at a disadvantage in selling them. More often than otherwise of late years they have dominated the market, though not so perfectly as the producers of living necessities, and never will probably for reasons soon to be given.

In this great change banks are potent factors. They are numerous and opulent, having nearly \$15,000,000,000 deposits. A very considerable portion of this vast sum is at the command of producers—as much in truth as they require. Not many years ago the banks were fewer and their resources smaller; on the other hand, borrowers had poorer credit and their business often was precarious. Thus, through their own greatly increased riches and those they can easily draw from banks, producers have gained a command of the markets once unknown or regarded as ever possible by them. The situation has been reversed, and while there will doubtless be fluctuations the buyer's best days will probably never return. His command of the market, if this diagnosis be correct, has been lost forever.

How effectively wealth can command a market and set aside the usual working of the great economic principle of supply and demand will appear from one or two illustrations. In 1908 an unusually large coffee crop was raised in Brazil. To put this large crop on the market meant ruinous competition, general bankruptcy. Yet the coffee-growers must have money, for they were in debt; and creditors never clamor so loudly as when their fears of payment are greatest. The Brazilian Government at first sought to extract the coffee-growers from their difficulties by lending to them and taking their coffee as security. As the undertaking proved to be too great for the Government, the aid of American and European bankers was sought, a loan of \$75,-

000,000 was effected, the coffee was taken as security and has been put on the market in quantities and at rates fixed by the sellers. So prices through this arrangement have been kept securely bolstered as if there were no excessive supply. Thus every coffee-drinker pays his homage to the potency of capital by paying a larger price for his daily beverage.

A few months ago a large number of individuals determined to pay no longer the high price for meat fixed by the great packing-houses. The demand for meat in some places fell off fifty per cent. or more. Had the old economic principle of supply and demand operated, prices would have greatly fallen. What has happened every one knows. A slight decline in some places, nothing comparable with the cessation in the demand. Perhaps if the abstainers are plucky enough, they may bring the packers to terms. Thus far they do not show signs of repentance and are continuing in their old ways very much as if the meat abstainer did not exist. In truth, the most noteworthy change in their business is an increased export of meats at lower prices while making up the deficiency in price by demanding more of home consumers.

Thus we are clearly in sight of some of the reasons for the higher prices—the larger capital owned or within the command of producers; and in many cases also the larger concentration in production.

Has the tariff raised prices? In the beginning two objects were before the authors of the system: as the cost of producing things here would be greater, the tariff was laid to enable the producer to produce them, notwithstanding the increased cost and necessarily higher price to the consumer. No one, unless he was densely ignorant, ever supposed that prices would be lessened in the beginning by increasing the tariff or that they would remain the same. The gain to the consumer, it was believed, would eventually come in lower prices than would prevail if foreigners controlled our market. By the invention and application of labor-saving machinery and other economies the cost of production has been vastly cheapened; and by continuing the restrictive or prohibitive policy in many cases at such high rates an opportunity has been created to demand excessive prices never paralleled in the world's history. It is probably true that the last tariff has not affected prices in that manner, except the prices of a few

things like wines, silk and the like, mostly luxuries. While having a healthy fear of the way of the foreign producer, it never occurred to the founders of our protective system that the home producer would ever acquire the same way even if he had a chance. At last his chance has come, and the evidences of his utilization of it to the utmost are one of the most disquieting wonders of our day. Truly the trading animal is the same kind of being whether living in Great Britain, Germany or America; the only change perhaps wrought by time is to increase his keenness of scent for trade and his eagerness to enhance profits.

While the facts in support of this statement are so numerous that the dullest can see them, it does not follow that the removal of the tariff would reduce prices. That is a very different proposition, as will appear from a few illustrations. In 1872 the tariff was taken off tea and coffee and millions of revenue were abandoned. For a time there was much rejoicing over the workman's prospective free cup of coffee and tea. What did really happen? That year there was a short crop of coffee; the grower, therefore, demanded a higher price and obtained it. The importer intercepted the rest of the sum formerly demanded as duty and the consumer paid the old price. There was, indeed, a slight deduction in the price of tea. More recently the tax was taken off hides, Congress supposing that the consumer would thereby be benefited. Alas! we all know what has happened. The boot and shoe manufacturer says, in defence of his conduct, there is a shortage of hides, and that the owner and importer of foreign hides have added more than the amount of the tax repealed to the price. The reduction or abolition of duties, therefore, does not logically or necessarily bring relief. Whether this follows or not depends.

Suppose the tariff of five cents a dozen on eggs were repealed, would the consumer get the benefit? Doubtless the unperturbed hen would continue her useful labors, but would not transporters, the several classes of middlemen, be equally industrious in intercepting that five cents and dividing the amount between themselves? Suppose the tariff is taken off grain, fruits and other necessities of living first. It may be that the price of wheat would run more uniformly with the price of Canadian. Would not the miller, however, absorb the difference and sell his flour at the old price? Suppose the Canadian miller should invade

our market, what then? Or suppose the railroads between the two countries should charge a higher rate? Again, if the Canadian miller became a serious competitor, would not the American miller buy his mills or corral him by a new combination? Surely there is no reason for supposing that Canadians would be actuated by different or higher motives than actuate American millers. Both doubtless will pursue courses most conducive, as they believe, to their respective interests.

Producers with respect to command over the sale of their products may be divided into two classes, of necessities and of other things. As we have seen, the first class more completely control the prices of their products than the other class. The consumer cannot wait; the producer has acquired the means whereby he can. Of course fine theories can be spun of the producer's dependence on the consumer that he can be brought to the consumer's level in due time, but such theories are poor things to raise against the present producer who is demanding his greatly increased prices which the consumer is obliged to pay. Under actual conditions these theories are nothing but gossamer fabrications of whose existence the producer rarely has any knowledge, and if he has they do not shut out enough light from his counting-room to trouble him in making his calculations.

This reasoning, however, does not apply with equal force to the other class of producers, for the needs of their consumers are less pressing, in many cases not existing at all. A few months ago there was a street-car strike in one of the great cities, continuing for nearly a month. A partner in one of the great department stores expressed his regret to me over the loss of so much trade. "But," I replied, "now that the strike is over, the loss will soon be made up." "No," he continued, "because people will get along with what they have," also adding, "Our principal profits are made on what people buy they don't want, not what they do." A consumer, therefore, who can wait, whose money is desired by the producer quite as much as his product is desired by the consumer, can exchange on something like fair terms. But when the product desired is a necessity, either to maintain life or to fulfil an industrial need, the producer has an advantage, and so far as it can be neutralized by withdrawing any advantage now granted to him by the Government, this should be done.

Relief to some extent may come from another source. As the income of the masses is limited, one of the immediate consequences of the sudden and heavy rise in the prices of living necessities is to leave a much smaller fund for the purchase of things less essential. The producers of these are, therefore, directly and seriously affected by this change. The production of many a textile manufacturer has fallen off because the consumers of his products have a smaller purchasing fund than they had a few months ago. Producers who are struck by this diminution of their customers' funds may join in any feasible movement to reduce the prices of living necessities in order to enhance their own gains.

The most common remedy is to raise other prices. If the working-man is obliged to pay more for his flour, meat, eggs and the like than he did last year, his remedy, unless he has received them in advance, is higher wages. If a fresh demand is made by the iron and steel workers and conceded, the iron and steel manufacturer in turn demands a higher price for his products, and the movement is continued until the industrial cycle is completed. What then? All are where they were at the start. The expected relief in most cases has proved a delusion. During the last fifteen years the American people have been engaged in this circular chase. Some have profited substantially by advances because they were larger than others; many have gained nothing.

Surely this game of jacking up prices is no remedy save among those who have a distinct advantage over others and are able to maintain it under varying conditions. From this game has sprung a consequence too important to be disregarded, a spirit of greed unknown in our earlier history. Perhaps the producer who was obliged to sell to the first customer was just as eager to secure the largest profits as the producer of to-day. Whatever the truth may be, all is changed. To the modern trust must be ascribed leadership in this movement. It first began to mark prices upward, then others from necessity or because the step was more easily taken behind such great leaders, until advances in everything have become a marked feature of the time. It is true that neither a low price nor a high price is a correct measure of a higher civilization; the true goal is the fair relation of the prices of everything to each other; to-day, however, we are going away from that goal instead of nearing it. There is a hardening

of feeling between man and man, a distinct desire to get the better of him instead of exchanging on mutually advantageous terms, which was the original basis of exchange. Once the seller hesitated to raise his price, and when he did his apologies and reasons were sincere; now changes are made so frequently that the raiser cares but little what the reason may be, or whether he has any at all, except the sole desire to swell his gains.

Another remedy is by united action. This may assume two forms, one for each of the two great classes into which consumers are divided. Among manufacturers this idea is developing rapidly. The iron and steel manufacturer is buying his mines of ore, his coal and coke, and supplying as far as possible his own modes of transportation, is also enlarging his scope of production, and, doubtless, will continue until locomotives, hardware, cutlery and most iron and steel products are included. The sugar-refiner is purchasing plantations and making raw sugar. The meat-packers are buying tanneries and ere long will be making boots and shoes.

The other and greater class of consumers cannot do these things, but they can unite with others, buy directly of manufacturers, cut out exchangers and save their profits. In Great Britain co-operation has been generally successful; in this country a failure. Is there anything in the nature of things to prevent consumers from forming a great variety of arrangements for purchasing from first hands? Suppose they did and were successful, they would then come face to face with the producer, and how would they fare in dealing with him? The producer of necessities has an obvious advantage already explained; against the producer of non-necessaries the battle can still be waged on more even terms. The hard battle of the future, therefore, is with the producer of things needed to sustain life and to continue the necessary work of production, transportation and exchange.

Lastly is the moral argument. It may be a long time before men will make exchanges on the basis of equivalents. It is no less certain that society cannot permanently endure wherever a small number possess such a clear and obvious advantage that in every exchange they can get the best of the bargain. Wherever this has happened the masses have been overcome by despair and the foundations of society have opened. It is not in the nature of man to remain content and thrive under such conditions; nor

will he thrive here. The mutual advantages arising from the division and exchange of labor, which are the foundation of industrial development, cannot be set at naught without impairing the national life and character. For a long period our protective system has been favored, nourished by the belief that ultimately the cost of production would diminish and consumers would reap the benefit from the costly sacrifices required to grow and garner the promised fruitage. At last, belief had changed into realization. Through the marvels accomplished, especially by labor-saving inventions and improved modes of transportation, the cost of production had been greatly lessened and prices had fallen. But suddenly the cheaper products, so long desired, so briefly purchased and enjoyed, have been put for a time, perhaps for a very long time, beyond the consumer's possession. The gain promised to him in the beginning has been withheld without reason; everywhere he feels that a colossal trick has been played on him, and evil results are appearing with painful clearness—disorganization of business, rapid diminution of exports, growing unrest and increasing disappointment of the masses. No prophet is needed to foretell the outcome that must follow from these great changes. If the moral argument does not win, and no effective relief is discovered and applied, an industrial, social, political storm is inevitable. The deepening eclipse in our commercial and industrial condition is a sign which only the blindest cannot see.

ALBERT S. BOLLES.

PATENTS AND INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

BY WILLIAM MACOMBER.

ONE Federal department practically runs itself, pays its own bills and builds up a surplus. That department is the Patent Office. It is nearly forty years since the Patent Statute, substantially as it stands to-day, was framed. Remarkable judgment attended the framing of an act which has met the varying and increasing demands of an age of progress those legislators could not have foreseen. So perfectly has this system worked, so largely has it contributed to our industrial welfare, that it is looked upon as dependable as season, seed-time and harvest. It is almost impossible to get Congress to pay any attention to it even for small needs, for it is taken for granted that the Patent Office will go on without legislative tinkering.

Another significant fact is that our patent system is the best in the world. Its fundamental, distinguishing feature is that a patent should be granted only after rigid examination establishing the fact of true novelty and limiting the patent to a clear, sharp claim-statement of that in which such novelty resides. The patentee must not only distinguish his invention from that which is old, but he must mark the limit of his discovery in order to leave the door for improvement wide open. So valuable is this fundamental provision, it is not uncommon for foreign inventors to make application in the United States in order to determine the actual novelty of their inventions.

It may be set down at once that our patent system is sound, that change should be made only as exigency and experience dictate, and then only at the hands of experts and statesmen. But because the system is sound and should be altered only with care, it does not follow that its efficiency is what it should be. A locomotive does not need rebuilding because it lacks fuel. It

is no credit to Congress that with a one-hundred-per-cent. system and a fifty-per-cent. supply of facilities our commissioners of patents have been able to get seventy-five-per-cent. results. In spite of the increased skill and efficiency of the examiners, the enormous increase in the number of applications and the constantly increasing complexity and refinement of invention have rendered it impossible to maintain a proper standard of efficiency. The result has been, not a lowering of the original standard, but *a failure to advance the standard of thoroughness in any degree commensurate with the standards of manufacturing and engineering skill.* This leads directly to a statement of the two demands which our industrial and scientific interests make upon our patent system.

1. *The grant of a patent should afford substantial ground for assuming that the thing patented is novel and that the patent is valid.*

2. *The means for determining the novelty and validity of a patent—the final, judicial determination of these questions—should be certain, speedy and inexpensive.*

The reasonableness of these demands should be self-evident, but their importance is sadly overlooked. Nothing is plainer than that industrial activity must have peace, quiet, certainty. We learned long ago that business will adjust itself to almost any condition so long as that condition is fixed, settled, undisturbed. We have reached the point where, owing to the inability of the Patent Office to make the necessary examination, patents carry upon their face very little guaranty of novelty or stability. This condition is remediable by the establishment of proper and readily attainable efficiency in the Patent Office.

Only one thing is needful to meet this first pressing demand: *increase the Patent Office plant and force.* The earnings of the Patent Office for 1908 were \$1,896,847.67. The total expenses were \$1,712,303.48. This leaves net earnings of \$184,544.25, which, added to the earnings of previous years, swells the surplus to the enormous sum of \$6,890,725.89. These earnings not only cannot be put to use by the Patent Office, *but do not even draw interest that may be used.* This surplus alone would erect and equip an efficient plant for the department without a cent of cost to the Government. The net earnings each year would pay the cost of the needed increase in working force.

Moreover, this income may be nearly doubled by a proper revision of the schedule of fees without burden to the patentee. When an applicant files his papers he pays but fifteen dollars. When his application is allowed he pays a final fee of twenty dollars. Suppose we *reverse* these fees. In 1908 there were 27,759 more applications made than matured into patents; reversing these fees would have added \$138,795 to the income of the department without adding a cent of cost to any patent actually issued. If Congress would co-operate with the Patent Office officials that department might be made *thoroughly efficient without the increase of appropriation or cost of a patent*. Let it not be supposed such common-sense course has not been urged. Every commissioner has urged it in some form, but Congress will give attention only when the industries of the country enforce it.

Coming now to the second demand, namely, that there should be certain, speedy and inexpensive means for determining the validity of a patent by the courts, a brief review of present methods and conditions must be had. The prevailing method is by action in equity. When the cause is at issue the taking of testimony begins—not in court, but here and there, all over the country, before notaries. The testimony is laboriously written out on the typewriter. We go wherever a witness happens to reside. Everything goes into the record; there is no one to rule on the evidence. As an illustration of the tramping that is done, I cite a case within my own experience. Testimony was taken in Detroit, Buffalo, Detroit, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Troy, Buffalo, Chicago, Schenectady and Detroit, in the order given. This is common.

From one to three years may complete a record seldom containing less than five hundred pages and sometimes assuming the proportions of the automobile cases, recently decided, which made a record of *thirty-six large octavo volumes*. Years may elapse before argument and decision. Then comes the appeal, reprinting the record and briefs, and in time an opinion is handed down. The cost now may be \$5,000 or \$50,000. Is this final? Oh no; this merely gives the patentee, if he succeeds, the right to enjoin the infringement that may have continued all these years and to prove damages *if he can*. But can he? The equity docket in New York, as a fair average, discloses only four cases of substantial recovery out of fifty-four cases where accountings were

decreed.* The case of *Eastman vs. Mayor, etc.*,† was begun in 1877; decree for an accounting was ordered in 1891; accounting was completed and judgment for \$818,074.32 was ordered in 1897. In 1904—twenty-seven years after he began his suit and seven years after he had been awarded an enormous fortune—the patentee was finally defeated and mulcted with costs. Nor is it the patentee alone who suffers. Six patents were the foundation of a successful hay-press industry.‡ After much hard fighting, the company had four of its patents held valid and infringed at the hands of an Appellate Court. Within a year, on rehearing, this court reversed itself and held all of the patents void but one. It took seven years to complete that accounting, and, owing to the fact that five-sixths of the patents had been held void, the company was unable to segregate the damages attributable to the single patent still good, and the result was six cents damages and half the costs. The case of *Tuttle vs. Claffin*§ was in the courts eighteen years, survived two masters, was nine years in the accounting and finally ended in a lump-sum award by the Appellate Court.

A mere recital of such facts is enough to show that the second demand of the industrial world is wholly unsatisfied; and that, as a matter of fact, adjudication of a patent is put at a premium few can pay. Moreover, what chance has an ordinary inventor in maintaining his rights as against a wealthy infringer? He cannot get capital to back him; men do not buy lawsuits. In order to make large economic use of the patent monopoly, a manufacturing concern must control the main patents in the art, must retain expensive patent counsel and patent experts and must set aside a large sum to defray the expenses of litigation. In order to protect his rights and establish the validity of his patent an inventor must have large means and much time at his command, else his patent is nothing short of a curse to him.

These criticisms of the prolix and expensive methods of conducting patent causes apply with even greater force to the analogous methods in interference cases. It is a notorious fact that, if a powerful concern employing a patent monopoly can succeed in raising an interference in the Patent Office with an impecuni-

* Fixed Law of Patents, Section 826.

† 134 Fed. Rep., 844.

‡ 127 Fed. Rep., 363.

§ 76 Fed. Rep., 227.

ous applicant, the end is in sight. By dilatory and obstructive proceedings, readily instituted by an attorney skilled in the technical practice in interference cases, by tramping from one end of the land to the other taking testimony and then by numerous motions and appeals, an ordinary inventor stands no more chance in such a contest than he would in attempting to compete industrially with such a concern.

Bad as this is, it is far from the worst. In 1891 the United States Circuit Courts of Appeals were established—one in each of the nine circuits—and these courts were given final appellate jurisdiction of patent causes. A decision of any one of these nine Circuit Courts of Appeals is final in a patent cause for that particular patent on the particular facts presented in that particular circuit, but it is *not a final adjudication upon that patent as to any other circuit*. While there is supposed to be comity between Appellate Courts, as a matter of fact there is none. The rubber-tire case and the bottle-stopper case settle that question.

Now let us take a noted case and see how it works out. Eldred owned the patent on an electric cigar-lighter. Kessler infringed the patent and Eldred sued him in the district of Indiana. The court held the patent void, so that Kessler could make, use and sell Eldred lighters anywhere in the Seventh Circuit. Kirkland was another infringer of Eldred's patent and Eldred sued him in the Western District of New York. On appeal the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit held the patent valid and infringed;* so Eldred's patent was good in the Second Circuit, but void in the Seventh Circuit. Then Eldred sued Breitweiser, another infringer in the Second Circuit who was buying his lighters of Kessler. Kessler then brought action against Eldred to restrain him from prosecuting Breitweiser or any one buying Kessler lighters. This case went to the Supreme Court,† and that court held that as a court had once held Eldred's patent void as between him and Kessler, Kessler could make his lighters and sell them anywhere he pleased. Behold the situation! Here is a patent void in the Seventh Circuit, absolutely and finally valid in the Second Circuit as against any one except Kessler, void as against Kessler in the other circuits and valid or void as against any one else in any of the other seven circuits as one

* Eldred *vs.* Kirkland, 130 Fed., 342.

† Kessler *vs.* Eldred, 206 U. S., 285.

court after another might hold one way or the other. If I make an Eldred lighter in New York and he can catch me in that State, he can restrain me by injunction and mulct me in damages; but if, after I have made the lighter and before he can sue me I move into his own State, I have a perfect defence! This is not an isolated case. The Grant Rubber Tire patent is in a similar condition.*

It is perfectly clear that the framers of the Circuit Court of Appeals Act never anticipated such a state of affairs, and that what was intended to be desirable relief in patent litigation has turned out to be a breeder of chaos.

The situation may be summed up generally thus: The face value of a patent has depreciated by reason of the failure of Congress to legislate as urged year after year by the commissioners to keep the Patent Office abreast of the times. The practice and procedure in patent causes is so cumbersome and slow and so expensive as to render the judicial establishment of a patent a luxury wholly beyond all but the few. This is creating a monopoly founded, not upon inventive genius, but upon financial power to dominate the field. The system of trying out interferences is even worse. The Circuit Court of Appeals Act as related to patent litigation breeds nothing but chaos, and not infrequently cancels rather than establishes the value of a patent. While it may not be said, perhaps, that the act making the decision of a Circuit Court of Appeals final and unappealable in a patent cause is unconstitutional, it is unquestionable that, in view of the provision of the Constitution relating to patents and the organic law which has been built thereon with the evolution of the nation, that act is as repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution and as subversive of our institutions founded in time and experience as the secession of a State. To destroy the value of a grant sanctioned by the Constitution, issued under the statute and sealed by the Government by creating nine courts with the power to at any time cancel the grant in one part of the United States and hold it valid and impregnable in another is a monstrosity that shocks any sane mind.

Turning now to the remedies to meet the first demand—that the grant of a patent should afford a substantial foundation for assuming the thing patented to be novel—all that is necessary is

* Consolidated *vs.* Diamond, 157 Fed., 677.

to give to the Commissioner of Patents the power any board of directors would concede to a successful president or superintendent of a corporation. All that is needed is:

1. To allow the commissioner to use the surplus the Patent Office has earned to erect and equip a plant adequate to the needs of the business.

2. To co-operate with him in a revision of the fee schedule to materially increase the revenues without additional cost to the patentee.

3. To allow him to use the earnings of his department to make the work efficient.

Absolutely no increase of appropriation is needed. Some foolish expenditures required by statute may be cut off to great advantage, but the system may be left substantially unchanged in its general workings and the cost of a patent in no way increased.

The absurd judicial arrangement of charging the Patent Office with the trial of that which is nothing less than a lawsuit should be changed. When a condition arises where there is a contest between two parties in the form of an interference, where evidence must be adduced and a decision upon the facts and the law made, it becomes subject-matter for a court and not for a governmental department. The moment issue is joined the entire controversy should be transferred to the Patent Court as hereafter outlined. It is then a litigation and should be so treated.

And in making this change the system of appeals in the Patent Office should be changed. At present we have the curious condition of an appeal from an examiner to the examiners-in-chief, a court of three members; thence to the commissioner in person, a court of one; thence to the Appellate Court of the District of Columbia, a court of three members. It is perfectly clear there should be but one appeal within the Patent Office, and that a tribunal should be created having the commissioner as presiding judge, and of such number as to be able to hear ordinary appeals without the presence of the commissioner, and with provision for ordering a full bench in important cases. The necessity of this reform has been most forcefully presented by Commissioner Moore in his annual report to Congress.

We now come to the problem most difficult of solution—meeting the second demand, that the means for determining the

novelty and validity of a patent, the final judicial determination, shall be certain, speedy and inexpensive. This demand can be met in no way but by the establishment of a Patent Court. At present an action for infringement may be brought in any one of the eighty-eight districts and be heard in the first instance by any one of the 118 circuit and district judges. On appeal the case may be reviewed by any two circuit judges sitting (two being a quorum) or even by a circuit judge and a district judge sitting as a Circuit Court of Appeal. A few of the circuit judges are excellent patent lawyers; a much smaller number of district judges are capable of mastering a patent cause. If any one doubts this, let him cite decisions without discrimination of court or judge. A court often expresses itself by a profound, judicial silence.

The first step toward meeting this second demand of our industrial interests is, then, the establishment of a Patent Court for hearing patent causes in the first instance. It should consist of nine judges, one in each of the nine circuits, whose duty it should be to *hear, try and determine such causes, having the evidence adduced before them subject to ruling and exception*, after the manner of State courts of equity. The present system of taking testimony hither and yon before notaries should be abolished. In cases where witnesses are remote, commission should issue to the patent judge of the circuit wherein the witness resides; but such commission should issue only upon proof of the materiality of the evidence sought and in no case for the taking of expert testimony. Moreover, the present practice of adducing endless expert evidence should be stopped. Ordinarily one expert on each side is enough.

Interference cases should be sent to the patent judge of the circuit most centrally located with reference to the evidence to be adduced and then and there decided in the same manner as a patent cause, but with additional safeguard that such trial shall be held behind closed doors to prevent disclosure of unpatented inventions.

The next step is the establishment at Washington of a Court of Patent Appeals. To this one central court every appeal from every patent judge should be taken and that court should be given final appellate jurisdiction. It should be composed of five judges, all of them trained in the patent law. The method of

appeal should be by case and exceptions; the record made by counsel and settled before the patent judge who heard the case, to the end that the present enormous cost of printing may be reduced and that the Appellate Court may not be burdened with a padded and cumbersome record.

Such a change in no wise disturbs the great body of case law relating to patents. It is a *change of jurisdiction, but not of system*. The great body of rules, both in law and in equity, would remain in force, *with the exception that the present conflict and chaos of law and rule would be eliminated entirely*.

What would be the gain? First, the reduction of time and cost in finally determining the economic value of a patent would be reduced to the minimum. Second, the patentee would be *given a square deal*—the thing he is now denied. Third, uniformity of law and practice—the thing that does not now exist.

The overloading of the Patent Office, the present judicial chaos and other similar conditions must force a change. The change should give a patent the potential value it now has not—a value that will entitle the owner to the right, on showing infringement, of having his patent respected at once. It should secure means for summary, inexpensive and final adjudication, not for one circuit, but for the entire country. The enormous output of paper patents should be stopped and meritorious inventors given a chance to reap due reward. The manufacturer should be able to conduct his business in peace and quiet, and not have to be on a war footing with a standing army of patent lawyers and experts and a fund for their maintenance. Thus the public in general—the entire industrial world—would gain one more assurance in these troublous times that it need not sit on the sharp edge of apprehension.

Publicity brings interest; knowledge brings reform. The facts here outlined should be investigated and demand for reform made by all industrial associations both of capital and labor. The press should educate the public both as to facts and needs. Experienced lawyers should make their views known and bar associations should memorialize Congress. And, above all, the Supreme Court should revise the equity rules to accord with imperative demand for reform.

WILLIAM MACOMBER.

MEDICAL CONTROL OF VIVISECTION.

BY WALTER B. CANNON, A.M., M.D.

“A VILE pursuit,” “a devilish science,” “an organized system of barbarity”—this is medical research; “fiends,” “demons,” “human monsters”—these are the medical investigators; “torments” and “prolonged agonies”—such are the experiences of animals in the “torture-chambers” of the laboratories. Words to catch and hold rigid the ideas of men were never so industriously overworked as these expressions. One who undertakes to read much of anti-vivisection writings is wearied not so much by the monotonous recurrence of the same old stories as by the constant attempt to horrify by epithets.

That these epithets have serious implications is not questioned by anybody; but whether the persons who use them so glibly are really proper judges, qualified by any instructive experience, may be questioned with very good reason. These persons have never entered the laboratories in which they declare animals are “cruelly tortured,” they have not seen the operations which they describe as “revolting.” The assertion that their inexperience is due to refusal of admission to the laboratories does not alter the fact of that inexperience. Nor is the refusal to admit them a confession that their charges are true. Any one of insight and judgment is never refused admission; but the opponents of research, untrained in biological studies, and willing to sacrifice their fellow men to the comfort of laboratory animals, may reasonably be excluded, just as emotional persons are forbidden to witness an operation on a relative. The surgeon operating in the home does not permit the “open door,” yet he does not become thereby the object of malignant suspicion. And the confident opinions of an outsider, concerning the surgeon’s work, would not gain credence merely because expressed with unqualified assurance.

As an example of the way in which opinions on laboratory procedures and laboratory-workers become established, the story of a letter by Professor William James, widely published in the daily press last summer, is worth telling. Professor James wrote that he understood the defenders of vivisection to protest "*against any regulation whatever*" (*italics original*). "Their invariable contention, implied or expressed," he continued, "is that it is *no one's business* what happens to an animal, so long as the individual who is handling it can plead that to increase science is his aim." Later he declared that medical investigators, held together by powerful club opinion, deny every charge against them, concede no point of principle and sustain firmly "the preposterous claim that every 'scientist' has an unlimited right to vivisect, for the amount or mode of which no man, not even a colleague, can call him to account." Then after disapproving of State inspection, and after urging medical investigators to establish their own government, he affirmed that so long as they disclaim corporate responsibility and formulate no code of vivisectional ethics for laboratories to post up and enforce, "so long must the anti-vivisection agitation, with all its expensiveness, idiocy, bad temper, untruth and vexatiousness, continue." Professor James in his letter struck valiantly at both parties in the controversy. What a gift of ammunition he presented to the anti-vivisectionists! The assertions regarding the experimenters—their waste of animal life, their subservience to club opinion, their failure to formulate a code for their own conduct, their sense of exemption from all restraint—these assertions they carefully selected, and they have since published them extensively and repeatedly, without question, as the words of final authority. Thus are the investigators judged, classified and stamped—with doctrinaire notions of what manner of men they must be and what lives they must lead, but with no suggestion of an inquiry whether perchance the assertions may not be true.

Nearly two years ago the American Medical Association appointed a Council to investigate the conditions of animal experimentation in the medical laboratories of the United States. Through detailed reports and the testimony of an expert investigator the Council has accumulated information from every medical school in which animals are used for teaching or research. Some of the results of this inquiry should be of interest to the

intelligent and humane persons to whom the anti-vivisectionist makes his appeal.

The experimental animals whose service for medical research rouses the greatest amount of hostile sentiment are the cat and the dog. The employment of these animals has been referred to as a terrible "waste" of life. Yet compared with the number of cats and dogs officially destroyed in various cities, the sacrifice of their lives in laboratories is almost insignificant. Figures have been obtained by the Council from twenty cities, in many of which, however, the record for cats was not reported; in these cities more than 360,000 cats and dogs have been killed in a single year merely to be rid of the excess. In New York City alone during the past fourteen years more than 800,000 cats and 400,000 dogs have been thus destroyed. In one year in New York City alone there are put to death more than ten times the total number of cats and dogs used for all purposes in all the laboratories in all the medical schools of the country. The interesting question now arises whether the enormous numbers of these animals killed solely to clear the streets have their lives "wasted" more or less than the much smaller number used in the laboratories for purposes of medical advancement.

But the humane destruction of animals in a public pound, anti-vivisectionists will declare, is very different from the "prolonged agonies" which animals experience in the "secret chambers" of the laboratories. Thus the habitual words assert their dominance. "Behind locked doors, where no one may enter," the "brutalized" experimenter, quite regardless of the "cries of pain and anguish" which assail his ears, is supposed to undertake his "hellish" work. "With unlimited right to vivisect, for the amount or mode of which no man, not even a colleague, can call him to account," he continues his "butchery." Before giving full credence to the implications of these charges against honorable men patiently searching out the nature of disease and its treatment, we might do well to learn the actual conditions of research, and the precautions taken by the medical profession itself to minimize suffering in laboratory animals.

In the largest medical laboratories of this country regulations governing animal experimentation have been posted and enforced, in one instance for more than thirty years, in other instances for more than ten years. These regulations, discovered by the Coun-

cil of the American Medical Association, have been collected, summarized and revised, and have been sent to all other laboratories in which animal experimentation is conducted. These rules are as follows:

I. Vagrant dogs and cats brought to this Laboratory and purchased here shall be held at least as long as at the city pound, and shall be returned to their owners if claimed and identified.

II. Animals in the Laboratory shall receive every consideration for their bodily comfort; they shall be kindly treated, properly fed, and their surroundings kept in the best possible sanitary condition.

III. No operations on animals shall be made except with the sanction of the Director of the Laboratory, who holds himself responsible for the importance of the problems studied and for the propriety of the procedures used in the solution of these problems.

IV. In any operation likely to cause greater discomfort than that attending anesthetization, the animal shall first be rendered incapable of perceiving pain and shall be maintained in that condition until the operation is ended.

Exceptions to this rule will be made by the Director alone and then only when anesthesia would defeat the object of the experiment. In such cases an anesthetic shall be used so far as possible and may be discontinued only so long as is absolutely essential for the necessary observations.

V. At the conclusion of the experiment the animal shall be killed painlessly.

Exceptions to this rule will be made only when continuance of the animal's life is necessary to determine the result of the experiment. In that case, the same aseptic precautions shall be observed during the operation and so far as possible the same care shall be taken to minimize discomforts during the convalescence as in a hospital for human beings.

Faculties of medical schools throughout the entire country have formally adopted the rules as an expression of the precautions under which research was being, and should continue to be, conducted. These or similar rules are now posted in practically all laboratories in which animal experimentation is extensively practised. The adoption of these rules effectively disposes of the charges that in laboratories "it is no one's business what happens to an animal," that experimenters protest against any regulation, and that they disclaim any corporate responsibility for their acts.

Power for the enforcement of the regulations is abundantly provided in the public and corporate manner in which they were adopted; and that power is reinforced by a strong "club opinion" to which the opponents of medical research have already recognized the experimenters as so perfectly loyal. Furthermore,

the potent social forces expressed in the votes of the trustees of institutions, and in the opinions of colleagues and fellow workers, not to speak of the interested public, would put effective pressure on any tendency towards infraction of these regulations should such tendency develop. As a matter of fact, however, the members of the Council, who are widely acquainted with medical laboratories, are convinced that in the great majority of instances these regulations merely define the already good conditions under which experimental medicine has been carried on and state a programme for the continuance of those conditions. To beginners in research and to interested people these regulations will indicate the spirit of the investigators and the consideration given by them to the avoidance of unnecessary pain.

Persons who have been under the spell of anti-vivisection phrases may perhaps now admit that in the laboratories of the great medical schools the condition of animal experimentation is fairly satisfactory. They will surely have the suggestion made to them, however, that there still remain the careless and inexperienced medical students who, in the secrecy of private rooms, are wholly free to satisfy their desire to operate on animals without any supervision whatever. What are the grounds for this suggestion? The uniform testimony given to the Council is that in the medical laboratories students are carefully supervised in any experiments they make on animals; indeed, except in a few places, they are not permitted to use any other animal than the frog. At most schools the students are carefully instructed in the great importance of the experimental method for the service of public health, and in the necessity of avoiding in every way the careless treatment of animals. At other schools this precautionary instruction is regarded as superfluous—a view easily understood by any one who knows the character of young men studying medicine, and who realizes the immense practical difficulties of private investigation. Until some respectable evidence is adduced to show that the much-maligned medical student actually does carelessly “cut up” living animals in his room, the evil suggestion that he does so should receive the contempt it deserves.

In spite of the accumulated evidence of a satisfactory condition of animal experimentation in this country, and in spite of the enforcement of the foregoing regulations in the laboratories, Pro-

fessor James's intimations of peaceful subsidence of the agitation must be regarded as much too optimistic. No end to the struggle for legal interference with medical research is in sight. Every year in one State or another a "mild bill" will be alluringly presented. Its ostensible purpose, as in the past, will be not to prevent "legitimate vivisection" by responsible investigators, but to stop the practice among the unskilled—for example, the medical student in his room. Examination of the bill will reveal, however, that no provision is made for spying on the medical student in his room, but that every arrangement is made for the inspection of the responsible investigators. To many fair-minded people inspection of laboratories and laboratory-work seems highly reasonable; they approve of going at least so far with the petitioners for legislation. But the medical profession has in the main objected to the proposed inspection. What are the reasons for the objection?

In the first place, inspection of laboratories would not satisfy those who are eager for legislative interference with research. England has had laboratory inspection for thirty-four years, yet there is no country in which the attack on laboratory procedures is more relentless. No less than fifteen anti-vivisection societies afflict Great Britain, all opposed to medical progress through the use of animals. Furthermore, if we may judge by English experience, the inspectors must describe "horrors" or be discredited. Inspection in England has not revealed any noteworthy abuse of animal experimentation during all the thirty-four years. The inference drawn by the anti-vivisectionists is that occasional inspection is futile; indeed, that, unless an inspector is in the laboratories continuously during all operations, horrible abuse of animals is sure to occur.* The impossibility of providing for such constant oversight would seem to a person of common sense to necessitate a certain amount of reliance on the goodwill and natural humanity of those engaged in research. Again, the argument for inspection, usually supported by analogy with bank inspection, is, under the circumstances, quite faulty. For the inspection of banks experts in banking are appointed, but for the inspection of laboratories experts in experimentation have been definitely excluded in the bills presented by the opponents

* See Minutes of Evidence, English Parliamentary Commission on Vivisection, 1905-6, Coleridge's testimony, *passim*.

of animal experimentation. For this important work they desire their own representatives. In the opinion of the experimenters, however, such persons, untrained in observing animal reactions and lacking any insight whatever into the extraordinary complexities of medical investigation, are thoroughly incompetent.

The incompetence of inspectors is the strongest objection to the proposal for State inspection. The laboratory-workers have spent many years learning what is known of the vital changes in living organisms. They are busied with a study of the most perplexingly developed structures and the most involved and entangled processes in nature, the structures and processes in highly organized animals. And not only are the individual processes intricate, but animals and plants are intricately related in the nexus of living beings. The most gifted insight is required, and the rarest type of constructive imagination, to distinguish in this complex the relations that are important from those that are unimportant. Precisely this high order of ability is a prime requisite in the hard human struggle against disease. Work that seems remote and academic may have the utmost value for the welfare of mankind. Lister's revolutionizing of surgical methods began with a study of fermentation in flasks and went thence to experiments on animals. In the early days of Lister's work even the physicians had no eyes for his view. How much less could be expected of the ignorant inspector! Surely Professor James was correct when he wrote: "The fear of State rules and inspectors, on the part of the investigators, is, I think, well founded; they would probably mean either stupid interference or become a sham."

Occasionally, at relatively rare intervals, the solution of an important problem may require that animals shall suffer. There are anti-vivisectionists who declare that they themselves prefer to suffer rather than to profit by procedures involving pain to animals. The enormous majority of men, however, are quite willing to do otherwise. As a matter of course, society tolerates crushing of limbs in traps, or other grievous wounding of birds and beasts, merely for ornamentation or sport. Even the delights of the palate are served through the infliction of pain, for men gladly consent to eat the capon and the steer, the taste of whose flesh has been made more delicate by barnyard operations of the most shocking character. The lashing of dogs driven to the last

extremity of fatigue and starvation was required to carry the flag to the at last accessible pole. How much more justifiable than any of these purposes is the motive that impels the medical investigator! Indeed, how much more justifiable than any of these inflictions of pain is the occasional suffering caused in the laboratories—for is not “the life more than meat and the body more than raiment”? Men and women and children, whose suffering extends to every one bound to them by the strong ties of love and sympathy, daily go down to death because the disease is a mystery and its cure unknown. Who, then, shall say that medical research shall not continue to bring its blessings? In the eager search for more light, who shall decide the critical case involving pain to animals? The anti-vivisectionists maintain that they should decide; the medical profession, on the contrary, urges that the decision remain in its control. The anti-vivisectionists, unacquainted with the problems and methods of medical research, prefer to restrict their humanity to the welfare of laboratory animals. The medical profession, realizing that more power to fight disease can only come from more knowledge, trusts the deeper humanity of the laboratory-workers who are seeking that knowledge. Should not the decision of the critical case rest preferably with the person of training and insight, the laboratory director? Of all men, he is most likely to know what is being done by those about him; he is most responsible to his institution, to his profession and to the public interest; and his position is itself a warrant of his trustworthiness.

WALTER B. CANNON.

ENGLAND AND MARK TWAIN.

BY BRITANNICUS.

ENGLISHMEN for forty years and more have loved Mark Twain with an ardor very little below that of his own countrymen. Ever since the "Jumping Frog" made its appearance he has been to them the supreme example of humor in its most piquant, most American form, and the unrivalled guardian, since Charles Dickens died, of the sources of deep, human, elemental laughter. It is possible, indeed, that Englishmen have profited by just the shade of mental difference that separates the two peoples to extract from Mark Twain's humor a more exquisite relish than even the Americans themselves, for whom its flavor can scarcely have the charm of an exotic. The tussle with the German language, the duel in the "Tramp Abroad," the trials of an urban editor of an agricultural paper, the forty-seven-mile search in the dark for the lost bedroom slipper, the ascent of the Riffelberg with the mule that ate the nitroglycerine; these and a hundred other inimitable passages that leap to the mind when Mark Twain's name is breathed have won in England an appreciation as keen and diffused as in America. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are as much the friends of English as of American boyhood. Humor has as many styles and fashions as dress, and it would be almost an impertinence to predict for Mark Twain the immortality of a Cervantes; but this much may at least be said, that forty shifting and convulsive years instead of impairing have enhanced Mark Twain's popularity with his English readers. There is that in his writings which draws one as much to the man as to the author, and it is not merely for his books, but for the spirit and character revealed in them and for all they have heard of his life and its trials and triumphs that Englishmen feel in Mark Twain a tender and semi-proprietary pride. We have long been used to looking upon him as the national author

of America. In England we have had for a generation or more no national author. Tennyson, perhaps, came nearer to being one than any other writer, but even Tennyson never commanded the devotion that the Scotch showered on Sir Walter, the English of fifty years ago on Dickens and the Americans on Mark Twain. And having no national author of our own, we have perforce claimed Mark Twain as *the* representative "racial" author of his day and have felt for him only a little less admiration, gratitude and affection than his own countrymen. To writers alone is it given to win and hold a sentiment of this quality—to writers and occasionally, by the oddness of the human mind, to generals. The "popularity" of statesmen is a poor and flickering light by the side of this full flame of personal affection. It has gone out to Mark Twain from all the English-speaking peoples not only for what he has written, for the clean, irresistible extravagance of his humor and his unfailing command of the primal feelings, for his tenderness, his jollity and his power to read the heart of boy and man and woman; not only for the tragedies and afflictions of his life so unconquerably borne; not only for his brave and fiery dashes against tyranny, humbug and corruption at home and abroad, but also because, beyond any other man of his time, he incarnated and universalized the American spirit. His humor, while wholly and distinctively American, has the large human qualities, the sense of the fundamental contrasts of life, that overflows all national boundaries. His freshness of heart and emotion beneath a show of merry cynicism, his indomitable common sense, his spiritual hardiness, his touch of misanthropy, his idealizing faith in women and democracy—all that is American too; but it is Americanism carried by genius to a point where it appeals to the whole of humanity. More than any man of our generation has Mark Twain made the world laugh. But his humor has always been on the side of the angels. He has jibed at much, but never at anything that made for nobility.

No doubt there are some Englishmen who still regard him as a mere *farceur*, who find his "irreverence" an insuperable stumbling-block and who cannot reconcile themselves to a famous man of letters being so precisely the opposite of a literary man. "Culture," literary priggishness and the academic type of criticism will always find it hard to accept Mark Twain at his true value. One English critic some years ago summed him up, or

thought he did, in the word "barbarian," declaring that the essence of his talent was merely the spirit of vandalism; and the reproach of not being an "artist" will, no doubt, long be hurled at him by the men who are all sensitiveness and little sense. But the average reader of Mark Twain's works, which is much the same as saying the average man or woman throughout the English-speaking world, is wiser than the most acute of critics in trusting his own instincts and discarding the foot-rule of formalism. He came stark into the world of letters; there is no precedent for him; and he brought with him the spirit of the Mississippi Valley as it was fifty or sixty years, a spirit scarcely congenial to the pedants of æstheticism. "It is becoming difficult already," wrote an Englishman the day after Mark Twain's death, "to conceive the conditions amid which he grew up in the Mississippi Valley—a frontier settlement where life was hard, happy-go-lucky and self-reliant, and the men and women who lived it were fraternal and kindly; where an absolute irreverence of speech and manner went hand in hand with a real Puritanism of outlook and conduct; where the atmosphere was charged with courage, a reckless surplusage of cheerfulness, spontaneous vigor, comradeship, profanity, homespun idealism, and a total innocence of the conventions, the arts, the standards and the boredom of civilization. That was the school in which Mark Twain graduated. It formed him in the decisive years when the lines of character are unalterably laid down, and he repaid its wholesome discipline by portraying it with the intimacy of a lover and the touch of a reporter of genius. As journeyman printer, prospector, miner, pilot, soldier and journalist he saw it from all sides. Its spirit became his spirit." That I believe to be true; but one can understand how often a writer of such upbringing, standpoint and instincts must have shocked the measured delicacy of English "culture." To appreciate Mark Twain the less one has in one's composition of the professional critic and the more of the elemental qualities of humanity the better. Happily, most of us are human beings before we are critics; and Mark Twain, if the supercilious few grudge his title to fame, will always carry with him the devoted responsiveness of warm-hearted many. A few lapses from the highest taste, a few things one might wish had been said differently—what are they against that brimming treasure of wholesomeness, masculinity and exuberant mirth?

It is, of course, as a humorist that Mark Twain has conquered the world and fairly enslaved the English-speaking peoples. No one on either side of the Atlantic has arisen in the past thirty years to challenge his incontestable supremacy as the dispenser of joyousness and mirth—of mirth now mocking, now tender, now whirling through a riot of extravagance, now vital with the sense of tears in mortal things, now tipped with a ferocity of sarcasm, but always clean, fresh, whimsical and fortifying. The obituary notices that have appeared in the English papers do full justice to this side of his genius. But they are, happily, not less insistent on the absurdity of looking upon Mark Twain as a humorist merely. He never sank into the tiresomeness of “the funny man.” “It takes,” says one English writer, “a man of courage, of sympathy, of experience, a man with a heart and a sense of the pathos and tragedy of life, to be a great humorist. Mark Twain was all this; an irreclaimable jester like Artemus Ward was precisely what he could never have been. He was too big a man and too responsible, and kept with him too constant a vision of life’s broadest and most fundamental contrasts to sink into an habitual fun-maker. It is true, perhaps, that at the mention of his name the mind leaps first of all to the passages in which he gave fancy the freest rein. But these are not the passages, admirable as they are in flow, light-heartedness and abandon, that give the full measure of the man. Indeed, if you were to leave out from his works everything in which Mark Twain set out to be deliberately, wantonly, irresistibly side-splitting, I am not sure that his highest merits as a writer would not stand out more clearly. He was the very Homer of boyhood; he wove some historical romances of an extraordinary imaginative delicacy; he depicted life on the Mississippi with a force and picturesqueness and fidelity that in years to come will make men turn to him as the social historian of his place and time; he had encountered men and women under a unique diversity of conditions and at the closest range; he saw into them with the penetration of a man of the widest human sympathies and of a genuine dramatist; and he drew them, and drew their surroundings, with the direct, telling, vigorous and, at the same time, elaborated impressionism that with him was a gift of nature.”

Three years ago England showed Mark Twain how much she loved him, how high a place he held as a writer and a man in the

heart of the nation. I was with him frequently in those memorable weeks. He invited me to study him at leisure and completely, in order that I might know "what a real American college boy looks like." The impression I gathered was that "a real American college boy," in the seventy-second year of his youth, would rather stand than sit, rather walk than stand, rather smoke than sleep and rather talk than do anything. The welcome he received was one continuous ovation. His humor was never happier nor his zest in life more abounding; the interest in all he did and said reached literally through all classes of society. At the Royal garden-party at Windsor, where the guests included with hardly an exception all the most famous men and women in England, Mark Twain admittedly was the most popular man present. As he drove from the station to the castle he was kept incessantly bowing in response to the delighted cheers of the crowds that lined the streets—a purely popular crowd of sight-seers and holiday-makers, who recognized Mark Twain as easily as they recognized the Prime Minister, and considerably more easily than they recognized the Archbishop of Canterbury, and gave him a greeting that must have touched his heart. Half the notable men and women of the land hurried across the lawns to welcome him, and the King and Queen honored him with a far larger portion of their time and conversation than they spared for any of their other guests. At the House of Commons, at the dinner given in his honor by the American Ambassador and attended by much of what is best in the world of English letters, at the luncheon in his honor given by the Pilgrim's Club when his health was proposed by Mr. Birrell in one of the happiest, wittiest and most graceful and feeling speeches I have ever listened to, at Oxford where the degree of D. Litt. was conferred upon him to the uproarious delight of the undergraduates who formed a cheering bodyguard around him whenever he appeared in the streets—it was just the same: by every possible means in their power the English people made of his visit a demonstration of their affection and regard. Nor are they a people whose affection and regard are lightly given. Mark Twain had won them as a great writer, a great citizen and a great gentleman; and his passing leaves a vacancy in the hearts of a world-scattered race that will not soon or easily be filled.

BRITANNICUS.

TRIBUTES TO MARK TWAIN.

"MARK TWAIN gone!"—such the refrain that comes to my lips at intervals. The gayety of nations eclipsed, the most original genius of our age and one of the sweetest, noblest men that ever lived.

Fortunate was I that we met many years ago upon the ocean and became friends. He told me, much to my surprise, that the idea of "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" came from reading my first literary outburst written at high noon when the sun casts no shadow, "Triumphant Democracy"; also he called my attention to the heading of a chapter in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," of which I was the author. I was young then and naturally greatly flattered that the business man should be hailed as fellow author. The intimacy continued to grow until I could safely consider myself one of his circle. My admiration for him increased as I knew him better, until great as the author was, the man, the friend, took first place.

When the business trial of his life came and he decided that the question was not what he owed others, but what was due to himself that should govern, he chose the latter and travelled the world over and conquered. He undertook Sir Walter Scott's task and triumphed, paying every creditor not the forty cents on the dollar they offered to take, but every cent of his debt. There comes to men in life critical moments which test whether they be of clay or the pure gold. Mark Twain proved himself the latter.

No man knew Mark Twain who had not seen him aroused by some mean, detestable action which violated his sense of justice. In his wrath he was indeed terrible. One has only to read his condemnation of the capture of Aguinaldo, the Filipino General, to realize this. It exceeds the strongest philippics of Junius. In reading his support of the Baconian theory *in re* Shakespeare, one

wonders how he could reject the miracle of an uneducated wool-carder producing the unapproachable gems when his own career gives us something of the very same nature, as does that of that other original genius, Ploughman Burns. Truly surprising, almost exceeding belief, are these miracles had we not such proofs that they really were performed. No one has ventured to rob the Scottish poet of his gems. Mark Twain is one of the brotherhood.

"If there's another life, he lives in bliss. If there be none, he made the best of this." Let us follow his example.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast. No weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

And yet—and yet—I find the tears drop as I write.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

ONCE he said to me:

"I came in with Halley's comet. I should like to stay until its return and go out with it."

That was a year ago. The night he died Halley's comet was visible in the sky. What a star to be born under, and how like he was to that radiant visitor! Where others were great, he was supreme; where others shone and sparkled, he blazed out transcendent; we had but to see him rise among his fellows to realize how his stately splendor bedimmed them all.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

It was my privilege to know the late Samuel L. Clemens for a number of years. The first time I met him was at his home in Hartford. Later I met him several times at his home in New York City and at the Lotus Club. It may be I became attached to Mr. Clemens all the more strongly because both of us were born in the South. He had the Southern temperament, and most that he has written has the flavor of the South in it. His interest in the negro race is perhaps expressed best in one of his most delightful stories, "Huckleberry Finn." In this story, which contains many pictures of Southern life as it was fifty

or sixty years ago, there is a poor, ignorant negro boy who accompanies the heroes of the story, Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer, on a long journey down the Mississippi on a raft.

It is possible the ordinary reader of this story has been so absorbed in the adventures of the two white boys that he did not think much about the part that "Jim"—which was, as I remember, the name of the colored boy—played in all these adventures. I do not believe any one can read this story closely, however, without becoming aware of the deep sympathy of the author in "Jim." In fact, before one gets through with the book, one cannot fail to observe that in some way or other the author, without making any comment and without going out of his way, has somehow succeeded in making his readers feel a genuine respect for "Jim," in spite of the ignorance he displays. I cannot help feeling that in this character Mark Twain has, perhaps unconsciously, exhibited his sympathy and interest in the masses of the negro people.

My contact with him showed that Mr. Clemens had a kind and generous heart. I think I have never known him to be so stirred up on any one question as he was on that of the cruel treatment of the natives in the Congo Free State. In his letter to Leopold, the late King of the Belgians, in his own inimitable way he did a service in calling to the attention of the world the cruelties practised upon the black natives of the Congo that had far-reaching results. I saw him several times in connection with his efforts to bring about reforms in the Congo Free State, and he never seemed to tire of talking on the subject and planning for better conditions.

As a literary man he was rare and unique, and I believe that his success in literature rests largely upon the fact that he came from among the common people. Practically all that he wrote had an interest for the commonest man and woman. In a word, he succeeded in literature as few men in any age have succeeded, because he stuck close to nature and to the common people, and in doing so he disregarded in a large degree many of the ordinary rules of rhetoric which often serve merely to cramp and make writers unnatural and uninteresting.

Few, if any, persons born in the South have shown in their achievements what it is possible for one individual to accomplish to the extent that Mr. Clemens has. Surrounded in his early

childhood by few opportunities for culture or conditions that tended to give him high ideals, he continued to grow in popular estimation and to exert a wholesome influence upon the public to the day of his death.

The late Mr. H. H. Rogers, who was, perhaps, closer to Mr. Clemens than any one else, said to me at one time that Mr. Clemens often seemed irritated because people were not disposed to take him seriously; because people generally take most that he said and wrote as a mere jest. It was this fact to which he referred, I have no doubt, when at a public meeting in the interest of Tuskegee at Carnegie Hall a few years ago, he referred to himself in a humorous vein as a moralist, saying that all his life he had been going about trying to correct the morals of the people about him. As an illustration of the deep earnestness of his nature, I may mention the fact that Mr. Rogers told me that at one time Mr. Clemens was seriously planning to write a life of Christ, and that his friends had hard work to persuade him not to do it for fear that such a life might prove a failure or would be misunderstood.

As to Mark Twain's successor, he can have none. No more can such a man as Mark Twain have a successor than could Phillips Brooks or Henry Ward Beecher. Other men may do equally interesting work in a different manner, but Mark Twain, in my opinion, will always stand out as an unique personality, the results of whose work and influence will be more and more manifest as the years pass by.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

THE steadiest American home-body, distressed by what he sees in his newspapers, weeklies and monthlies, must know moments nowadays when, despite his patriotism, our country suggests nothing more than a gigantic loot and a voluminous but despairing cry of "Stop Thief!" The gloomy moment passes quickly before the second thought that all this is only surface and is nothing vital to the real America that flies a banner starry indeed. For my part, always when I think of that true United States, part of the thought is Mark Twain. For, complete citizen of the world as he was, he *was* the American Spirit. And oh! how that

spirit spoke in him—and from him, from that great pen, now quiet.

. . . He was not only a master builder; he was a master critic, too. But it was never men he condemned or fought—only their cruelties and stupidities. What he hated most, I think, were the stupidities that are cruel.

His presence here made the world a more “reassuring” place to live in than it had been before. Everything seemed safer because he was with us. For the multitude who read all he wrote, it was like a child having a grown person’s hand in the dark.

He came of the West and of the South, and at first belonged to them. Then he belonged to the whole country; then to all the world. After that all the world belonged to him.

It is incredible that he is dead. He couldn’t be. So he must be—“just away.”

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

His was a great life. He had the world not only laughing with him, but in touch with him in his character-building. He kindled among the people the tenderest human sympathy. He hated cant and hypocrisy, and with keen clearness often in a phrase exploded fallacies, frauds and superstitions. Mark Twain was more than a humorist. He was a deep student of men and events, a profound philosopher. He never grew old. His body gave way with the years of his burdens, but his heart was always young and his great brain expressed a matured optimism. Mark Twain has passed away, but his character, heart and brain live in his works, a fortunate legacy to the people for all time.

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

THERE was once a humorist named Cervantes. He satirized national foibles and added himself to the immortals. There once was a historian and philosopher named Carlyle. He explained Cause and analyzed Effect and added himself to the immortals. There once was a romancer named Hugo. He took the human heart and brain in his hand and let us see what made the one think and what made the other throb—and he added himself to the immortals. And there was once a story-teller named Dickens.

He took words and with them made pictures of the sadly humorous types of humanity, so that we hungered with them and loved with them and laughed and wept with them—and he added himself to the immortals.

And to-day we read their work without thinking very much of them—we think of them vaguely, as beyond the comprehensible, as people who were in a different sphere from the work they did, if we think of them at all.

There is and always will be a Mark Twain.

He is Cervantes and Carlyle and Hugo and Dickens all in one. He has the humor and the sarcasm, and the philosophy and the gentleness, and the brilliancy and the patience, and the brother-love of them all.

With all this he has a God-given grace of fun which is the eternal sunshine of life.

He is so human that you see him in every paragraph of his writings.

The reason he died was that he had put his last breath and his last heart-beat and his last thought into the books that will forever help little boys who are just learning the great mystery of reading, and old men who have learned that life is what we give to others and not what we keep for ourselves—and will help all boys and girls and men and women between those joyous ages.

The only grief Mark Twain ever gave the world was when he died.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

MARK TWAIN was a sore disappointment to iconoclasts who love to hold funeral services over living celebrities. He had the rare story-teller's sense of knowing just how often to summon his audience and when to leave it waiting for more. He was about the only popular humorist who never endured the chagrin of hearing applause die away. He used a combination of artistic sense and every-day common horse sense in never crowding his output simply because there was eager demand for it. Every writer is measured by his own high-water mark, and the lay critic often seems disposed to draw unfavorable comparisons. Every book by Mark Twain was so different from the one preceding that comparisons were impossible. He had the courage

and the divine inspiration to write what he wanted to write when he felt that it should be written. He never was in danger of becoming that pathetic reminder of the year before, the exploded humorist.

GEORGE ADE.

MARK TWAIN is not all of Samuel Clemens. He was much more than humorous. He was a great fictionist and a rough-hewn stylist uttering himself in his own way, which was a large, direct and forceful way. No amount of Old World contact could destroy his quaint drawl, and not all his reading nor his acquired personal knowledge of other writers could conventionalize his method. He remained the mid-Western American and literary democrat to the last.

I shall never forget the impression he made upon me when I called upon him in London some twelve years ago. The hotel in which he was staying was one of those highly refined, almost completely femininized, institutions with which the west end of London is furnished, but when the shock-haired, keen-eyed man from Missouri took my hand and said "Howdy" I felt at home. I thought him then as I think him now: one of the greatest of American authors. Not of the cultured type, but of the creative type. A figure to put beside Walt Whitman as a representative of our literary democracy.

Let me also say that to me he was a most distinctive and powerful orator. I was fortunate enough to hear his speech at the Lotus Club on the occasion of his return from "Following the Equator," at which time he feelingly announced to us that he had paid off the debt with which for so long a time he had been burdened. It was humorous, of course, but it was more than that; it was a brave and manly and exultant speech.

I heard him also at the dinner given on his sixty-seventh birthday, and there again he made all other speakers seem tame. No other orator save Ingersoll ever seemed to me so vital and so spontaneous. I have heard him on other occasions and always there was that marvellous power of creating phrases, of making old words seem new. As Howells says, "He wrote like a primitive," so I say he spoke like one who used words fresh from the mint with the sheen of their minting still upon them. Every letter of his speech was vital with the breath of his personality.

This was the secret of his amazing hold upon his audiences all over the world.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

HE was a pretty big man—I sometimes wonder if he were not quite the most commanding literary personality of this period. Certainly no other man has succeeded in gripping so many people in so many parts of the world as he, and it does not seem natural to have a world without Mark Twain in it. One's sorrow is mitigated somewhat by the thought of his loneliness of late years, as well as of the feeling that he probably wanted to go.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CONTEMPORARIES are prone to judge an artist by the bulk of his work or by the average of it; but, luckily, posterity gauges him only by his best. It measures him by the summits of his accomplishment and not by the foot-hills or the valleys. Few authors will profit more by this wiser choice of the years to come than Mark Twain, since his writing was curiously unequal, with a wide chasm yawning between his loftiest work and his lowest; his touch was often uncertain and his taste was on occasion perverse. But his best is very high in quality; the peaks of his achievement tower aloft unchallenged and indisputable. No one of the men of letters of his time bids fair to loom larger in the perspective of time. It may be that the next generation will drop out the half of his writings and the generation after may winnow what is left. Yet enough will withstand the drastic process; our grandchildren will gladly make friends with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn; and they will grow up to delight in the most veracious passages of "Roughing It" and "Life on the Mississippi" and "A Tramp Abroad."

Mark Twain was great in many ways and especially in four—as a humorist, as a story-teller, as a stylist and as a moralist. Now and again his humor was fantastic and arbitrary, perhaps even mechanical; but at its richest it was irresistible, rooted in truth, sustained by sincerity and supported by a manly melancholy—which became more plainly visible as he broadened his outlook on life. His native gift of story-telling, the compelling power of his narrative, was cultivated by conscious art, until one

could not choose but hear, submitting ourselves wholly to the spell he cast upon us; of their kind there is nothing more vivid in fiction than the Shepherdson-Grangerford feud and the shooting of Boggs by Sherburn, with the subsequent attempt to lynch the latter. As a master of English prose he has not received the appreciation he deserved, for he could call up an unforgettable picture with the utmost economy of stroke; Huck Finn's description of the storm at night when he is alone on the island may be set by the side of the vision of the Jungfrau by moonlight in "A Tramp Abroad." And his sturdy morality, inspired by a detestation of sham and of affectation as ingrained as Molière's, ought to be evident to all who have pondered his analysis of Cecil Rhodes in "Following the Equator," and especially to all who have meditated upon "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," a masterpiece of stern irony which Swift would not have disowned and which is free from the corroding misanthropy that Swift might have bestowed upon it.

A great artist in humor and in narrative and in style, a great moralist—and a great man in himself. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

MARK TWAIN: AN INQUIRY.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

So far as I know Mr. Clemens is the first writer to use in extended writing the fashion we all use in thinking, and to set down the thing that comes into his mind without fear or favor of the thing that went before, or the thing that may be about to follow. I, for instance, in putting this paper together, am anxious to observe some sort of logical order, to discipline such impressions and notions as I have of the subject into a coherent body which shall march column-wise to a conclusion obvious if not inevitable from the start. But Mr. Clemens, if he were writing it, would not be anxious to do any such thing. He would take whatever offered itself to his hand out of that mystical chaos, that divine ragbag, which we call the mind, and leave the reader to look after relevancies and sequences for himself. These there might be, but not of that hard and fast sort which I am eager to lay hold of, and the result would at least be satisfactory to the author, who would have shifted the whole responsibility to the reader, with whom it belongs, at least as much as with the author. In other words, Mr. Clemens uses in work on the larger scale the method of the elder essayists, and you know no more where you are going to bring up in "The Innocents Abroad" or "Following the Equator" than in an essay of Montaigne. The end you arrive at is the end of the book, and you reach it amused but edified, and sorry for nothing but to be there. You have noted the author's thoughts, but not his order of thinking; he has not attempted to trace the threads of association between the things that have followed one another; his reason, not his logic, has convinced you, or rather it has persuaded you, for you have not been

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brought under conviction. It is not certain that this method is of design with Mr. Clemens; that might spoil it; and possibly he will be as much surprised as any one to know that it is his method. It is imaginable that he pursues it from no wish but to have pleasure of his work, and not to fatigue either himself or his reader; and his method may be the secret of his vast popularity, but it cannot be the whole secret of it. Any one may compose a scrap-book, and offer it to the public with nothing of Mark Twain's good fortune. Everything seems to depend upon the nature of the scraps, after all; his scraps might have been consecutively arranged, in a studied order, and still have immensely pleased; but there is no doubt that people like things that have at least the appearance of not having been drilled into line. Life itself has that sort of appearance as it goes on; it is an essay with moments of drama in it rather than a drama; it is a lesson, with the precepts appearing haphazard, and not precept upon precept; it is a school, but not always a schoolroom; it is a temple, but the priests are not always in their sacerdotal robes; sometimes they are eating the sacrifice behind the altar and pouring the libations for the god through the channels of their dusty old throats. An instinct of something chaotic, ironic, empiric in the order of experience seems to have been the inspiration of our humorist's art, and what finally remains with the reader, after all the joking and laughing, is not merely the feeling of having had a mighty good time, but the conviction that he has got the worth of his money. He has not gone through the six hundred pages of "The Innocents Abroad" or "Following the Equator" without having learned more of the world as the writer saw it than any but the rarest traveller is able to show for his travel; and possibly with his average practical American public, which was his first tribunal, and must always be his court of final appeal, Mark Twain justified himself for being so delightful by being so instructive. If this bold notion is admissible, it seems the moment to say that no writer ever imparted information more inoffensively.

But his great charm is his absolute freedom in a region where most of us are fettered and shackled by immemorial convention. He saunters out into the trim world of letters, and lounges across its neatly kept paths, and walks about on the grass at will, in spite of all the signs that have been put up from the beginning of

literature, warning people of dangers and penalties for the slightest trespass.

One of the characteristics I observe in him is his single-minded use of words, which he employs as Grant did to express the plain, straight meaning their common acceptance has given them, with no regard to their structural significance or their philological implications. He writes English as if it were a primitive and not a derivative language, without Gothic or Latin or Greek behind it, or German and French beside it. The result is the English in which the most vital works of English literature are cast, rather than the English of Milton, and Thackeray, and Mr. Henry James. I do not say that the English of the authors last named is less than vital, but only that it is not the most vital. It is scholarly and conscious; it knows who its grandfather was; it has the refinement and subtlety of an old patriciate. You will not have with it the widest suggestion, the largest human feeling, or perhaps the loftiest reach of imagination, but you will have the keen joy that exquisite artistry in words can alone impart, and that you will not have in Mark Twain. What you will have in him is a style which is as personal, as biographical as the style of any one who has written, and expresses a civilization whose courage of the chances, the preferences, the duties, is not the measure of its essential modesty. It has a thing to say, and it says it in the word that may be the first, or second, or third choice, but will not be the instrument of the most fastidious ear, the most delicate and exacting sense, though it will be the word that surely and strongly conveys intention from the author's mind to the reader's. It is the Abraham Lincolnian word, not the Charles Sumnerian; it is American, Western.

II.

Now that Mark Twain has become a fame so world-wide, we should be in some danger of forgetting, but for his help, how entirely American he is, and we have already forgotten, perhaps, how truly Western he is, though his work, from first to last, is always reminding us of the fact. But here I should like to distinguish. It is not alone in its generous humor, with more honest laughter in it than humor ever had in the world till now, that his work is so Western. Any one who has really known the West (and really to know it one must have lived it), is

aware of the profoundly serious, the almost tragical strain which is the fundamental tone in the movement of such music as it has. Up to a certain point, in the presence of the mystery which we call life, it trusts and hopes and laughs; beyond that it doubts and fears, but it does not cry. It is more likely to laugh again, and in the work of Mark Twain there is little of the pathos which is supposed to be the ally of humor, little suffusion of apt tears from the smiling eyes. It is too sincere for that sort of play; and if after the doubting and the fearing it laughs again, it is with a suggestion of that resentment which youth feels when the disillusion from its trust and hope comes, and which is the grim second mind of the West in the presence of the mystery. It is not so much the race effect as the region effect; it is not the Anglo-American finding expression; it is the Westerner, who is not more thoroughly the creature of circumstances, of conditions, but far more dramatically their creature, than any prior man. He found himself placed in them and under them, so near to a world in which the natural and primitive was obsolete, that while he could not escape them, neither could he help challenging them. The inventions, the appliances, the improvements of the modern world invaded the hoary eld of his rivers and forests and prairies, and while he was still a pioneer, a hunter, a trapper, he found himself confronted with the financier, the scholar, the gentleman. They seemed to him, with the world they represented, at first very droll, and he laughed. Then they set him thinking, and as he never was afraid of anything, he thought over the whole field, and demanded explanations of all his prepossessions, of equality, of humanity, of representative government and revealed religion. When they had not their answers ready, without accepting the conventions of the modern world as solutions or in any manner final, he laughed again, not mockingly, but patiently, compassionately. Such, or somewhat like this, was the genesis and evolution of Mark Twain.

Missouri was Western, but it was also Southern, not only in the institution of slavery, to the custom and acceptance of which Mark Twain was born and bred without any applied doubt of its divinity, but in the peculiar social civilization of the older South from which his native State was settled. It would be reaching too far out to claim that American humor, of the now prevailing Western type, is of Southern origin, but without staying to at-

tempt it I will say that I think the fact could be established; and I think one of the most notably Southern traits of Mark Twain's humor is its power of seeing the fun of Southern seriousness, but this vision did not come to him till after his liberation from neighborhood in the vaster far West. He was the first, if not the only man of his section, to betray a consciousness of the grotesque absurdities in the Southern inversion of the civilized ideals in behalf of slavery, which must have them upside down in order to walk over them safely. No American of Northern birth or breeding could have imagined the spiritual struggle of Huck Finn in deciding to help the negro Jim to his freedom, even though he should be forever despised as a negro thief in his native town, and perhaps eternally lost through the blackness of his sin. No Northerner could have come so close to the heart of a Kentucky feud, and revealed it so perfectly, with the whimsicality playing through its carnage, or could have so brought us into the presence of the sardonic comi-tragedy of the squalid little river town where the storekeeping magnate shoots down his drunken tormentor in the arms of the drunkard's daughter, and then crows with bitter mockery the mob that comes to lynch him. The strict religiosity compatible in the Southwest with savage precepts of conduct is something that could make itself known in its amusing contrast only to the native Southwesterner, and the revolt against it is as constant in Mark Twain as the enmity to New England orthodoxy is in Dr. Holmes. But he does not take it with such serious resentment as Dr. Holmes is apt to take his inherited Puritanism, and it may be therefore that he is able to do it more perfect justice, and impart it more absolutely. At any rate, there are no more vital passages in his fiction than those which embody character as it is affected for good as well as evil by the severity of the local Sunday-schooling and church-going.

III.

I find myself, in spite of the discipline I intend for this paper, speaking first of the fiction, which by no means came first in Mark Twain's literary development. It is true that his beginnings were in short sketches, more or less inventive, and studies of life in which he let his imagination play freely; but it was not till he had written "Tom Sawyer" that he could be called a novelist. Even now I think he should rather be called a romancer, though such

a book as "Huckleberry Finn" takes itself out of the order of romance and places itself with the great things in picaresque fiction. Still it is more poetic than picaresque, and of a deeper psychology. The probable and credible soul that the author divines in the son of the town drunkard is one which we might each own brother, and the art which portrays this nature at first hand in the person and language of the hero, without pose or affectation, is fine art. In the boy's history the author's fancy works realistically to an end as high as it has reached elsewhere, if not higher; and I who like "The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" so much have half a mind to give my whole heart to "Huckleberry Finn."

Both "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" wander in episodes loosely related to the main story, but they are of a closer and more logical advance from the beginning to the end than the fiction which preceded them, and which I had almost forgotten to name before them. We owe to "The Gilded Age" a type in Colonel Mulberry Sellers which is as likely to endure as any fictitious character of our time. It embodies the sort of Americanism which survived through the Civil War, and characterized in its boundlessly credulous, fearlessly adventurous, unconsciously burlesque excess the period of political and economic expansion which followed the war. Colonel Sellers was, in some rough sort, the America of that day, which already seems so remote, and is best imaginable through him. Yet the story itself was of the fortuitous structure of what may be called the autobiographical books, such as "The Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It." Its desultory and accidental character was heightened by the co-operation of Mr. Clemens's fellow humorist, Charles Dudley Warner, and such coherence as it had was weakened by the diverse qualities of their minds and their irreconcilable ideals in literature. These never combined to a sole effect or to any variety of effects that left the reader very clear what the story was all about; and yet from the cloudy solution was precipitated at least one character which, as I have said, seems of as lasting substance and lasting significance as any which the American imagination has evolved from the American environment.

If Colonel Sellers is Mr. Clemens's supreme invention, as it seems to me, I think that his "The Connecticut Yankee" is his greatest achievement in the way of a greatly imagined and sym-

metrically developed romance. Of all the fanciful schemes in fiction it pleases me most, and I give myself with absolute delight to its notion of a keen East Hartford Yankee finding himself, by a retroactionary spell, at the court of King Arthur of Britain, and becoming part of the sixth century with all the customs and ideas of the nineteenth in him and about him. The field for humanizing satire which this scheme opens is illimitable; but the ultimate achievement, the last poignant touch, the most exquisite triumph of the book, is the return of the Yankee to his own century, with his look across the gulf of the ages at the period of which he had been a part and his vision of the sixth-century woman he had loved holding their child in her arms.

It is a great fancy, transcending in æsthetic beauty the invention in "The Prince and Pauper," with all the delightful and affecting implications of that charming fable, and excelling the heartrending story in which Joan of Arc lives and prophesies and triumphs and suffers. She is, indeed, realized to the modern sense as few figures of the past have been realized in fiction; and is none the less of her time and of all time because her supposititious historian is so recurrently of ours. After Sellers, and Huck Finn, and Tom Sawyer, and the Connecticut Yankee she is the author's finest creation; and if he had succeeded in portraying no other woman nature, he would have approved himself its fit interpreter in her. I do not think he succeeds so often with that nature as with the boy nature or the man nature, apparently because it does not interest him so much. He will not trouble himself to make women talk like women at all times; oftentimes they talk too much like him, though the simple, homely sort express themselves after their kind; and Mark Twain does not always write men's dialogue so well as he might. He is apt to burlesque the lighter colloquiality, and it is only in the more serious and most tragical junctures that his people utter themselves with veracious simplicity and dignity. That great, burly fancy of his is always tempting him to the exaggeration which is the condition of so much of his personal humor, but which when it invades the drama spoils the illusion. The illusion renews itself in the great moments, but I wish it could be kept infract in the small, and I blame him that he does not rule his fancy better. His imagination is always dramatic in its conceptions, but not always in its expressions; the talk of his people is often inadequate caricature in the

ordinary exigencies, and his art contents itself with makeshift in the minor action. Even in "Huck Finn," so admirably proportioned and honestly studied, you find a piece of lawless extravagance hurled in, like the episode of the two strolling actors in the flat-boat; their broad burlesque is redeemed by their final tragedy—a prodigiously real and moving passage—but the friend of the book cannot help wishing the burlesque was not there. One laughs and then despises oneself for laughing, and this is not what Mark Twain often makes you do. There are things in him that shock, and more things that we think shocking, but this may not be so much because of their nature as because of our want of naturalness; they wound our conventions rather than our convictions. As most women are more the subjects of convention than men, his humor is not for most women; but I have a theory that when women like it they like it far beyond men. Its very excess must satisfy that demand of their insatiate nerves for something that there is enough of; but I offer this conjecture with instant readiness to withdraw it under correction. What I feel rather surer of is that there is something finally feminine in the inconsequence of his ratiocination, and his beautiful confidence that we shall be able to follow him to his conclusion in all those turnings and twistings and leaps and bounds, by which his mind carries itself to any point but that he seems aiming at. Men, in fact, are born of women, and possibly Mark Twain owes his literary method to the colloquial style of some far ancestress who was more concerned in getting there, and amusing herself on the way, than in ordering her steps.

Possibly also it is to this ancestress that he owes the instinct of right and wrong which keeps him clear as to the conditions that formed him and their injustice. Slavery in a small Missouri River town could not have been the dignified and patriarchal institution which Southerners of the older South are fond of remembering or imagining. In the second generation from Virginia ancestry of this sort, Mark Twain was born to the common necessity of looking out for himself, and while making himself practically of another order of things he felt whatever was fine in the old and could regard whatever was ugly and absurd more tolerantly, more humorously than those who bequeathed him their enmity to it. Fortunately for him, and for us who were to enjoy his humor, he came to his intellectual consciousness in a world so

large and free and safe that he could be fair to any wrong while seeing the right so unfailingly; and nothing is finer in him than his gentleness with the error which is simply passive and negative. He gets fun out of it, of course, but he deals almost tenderly with it, and hoards his violence for the superstitions and traditions which are arrogant and active. His pictures of that old river town, Southwestern life, with its faded and tattered aristocratic ideals and its squalid democratic realities, are pathetic, while they are so unsparingly true and so inapologetically and unaffectedly faithful.

The West, when it began to put itself into literature, could do so without the sense, or the apparent sense, of any older or politer world outside of it; whereas the East was always looking fearfully over its shoulder at Europe, and anxious to account for itself as well as represent itself. No such anxiety as this entered Mark Twain's mind, and it is not claiming too much for the Western influence upon American literature to say that the final liberation of the East from this anxiety is due to the West, and to its ignorant courage or its indifference to its difference from the rest of the world. It would not claim to be superior, as the South did, but it could claim to be humanly equal, or rather it would make no claim at all, but would simply be, and what it was, show itself without holding itself responsible for not being something else.

The Western boy of forty or fifty years ago grew up so close to the primeval woods or fields that their inarticulate poetry became part of his being, and he was apt to deal simply and uncritically with literature when he turned to it, as he dealt with nature. He took what he wanted, and left what he did not like; he used it for the playground, not the workshop of his spirit. Something like this I find true of Mark Twain in peculiar and uncommon measure. I do not see any proof in his books that he wished at any time to produce literature, or that he wished to reproduce life. When filled up with an experience that deeply interested him, or when provoked by some injustice or absurdity that intensely moved him, he burst forth, and the outbreak might be altogether humorous, but it was more likely to be humorous with a groundswell of seriousness carrying it profoundly forward. In all there is something curiously, not very definably, elemental, which again seems to me Western. He behaves himself as if he

were the first man who was ever up against the proposition in hand. He deals as newly, for instance, with the relations of Shelley to his wife, and with as personal and direct an indignation as if they had never attracted critical attention before; and this is the mind or the mood which he brings to all literature. Life is another affair with him; it is not a discovery, not a surprise; every one else knows how it is; but here is a new world, and he explores it with a ramping joy, and shouts for the reader to come on and see how, in spite of all the lies about it, it is the same old world of men and women, with really nothing in it but their passions and prejudices and hypocrisies. At heart he was always deeply and essentially romantic, and once must have expected life itself to be a fairy dream. When it did not turn out so he found it tremendously amusing still, and his expectation not the least amusing thing in it, but without rancor, without grudge or bitterness in his disillusion, so that his latest word is as sweet as his first. He is deeply and essentially romantic in his literary conceptions, but when it comes to working them out he is helplessly literal and real; he is the impassioned lover, the helpless slave of the concrete. For this reason, for his wish, his necessity, first to ascertain his facts, his logic is as irresistible as his laugh.

IV.

All life seems, when he began to find it out, to have the look of a vast joke, whether the joke was on him or on his fellow beings, or if it may be expressed without any irreverence, on their common creator. But it was never wholly a joke, and it was not long before his literature began to own its pathos. The sense of this is not very apparent in "Innocents Abroad," but in "Roughing It" we began to be distinctly aware of it, and in the successive books it is constantly imminent, not as a clutch at the heart-strings, but as a demand of common justice, common sense, the feeling of proportion. It is not sympathy with the under dog merely as under dog that moves Mark Twain; for the under dog is sometimes rightfully under. But the probability is that it is wrongfully under, and has a claim to your inquiry into the case which you cannot ignore without atrocity. Mark Twain never ignores it; I know nothing finer in him than his perception that in this curiously contrived mechanism men suffer for their sorrows rather oftener than they suffer for their sins; and when they

suffer for their sorrows they have a right not only to our pity, but to our help. He always gives his help, even when he seems to leave the pity to others, and it may be safely said that no writer has dealt with so many phases of life with more unfailing justice. There is no real telling how any one comes to be what he is; all speculation concerning the fact is more or less impudent or futile conjecture; but it is conceivable that Mark Twain took from his early environment the custom of clairvoyance in things in which most humorists are purblind, and that, being always in the presence of the under dog, he came to feel for him as under with him. If the knowledge and vision of slavery did not tinge all life with potential tragedy, perhaps it was this which lighted in the future humorist the indignation at injustice which glows in his page. His indignation relieves itself as often as not in a laugh; injustice is the most ridiculous thing in the world, after all, and indignation with it feels its own absurdity.

It is supposable, if not more than supposable, that the ludicrous incongruity of a slave-holding democracy nurtured upon the Declaration of Independence, and the comical spectacle of white labor owning black labor, had something to do in quickening the sense of contrast which is the mountain of humor or is said to be so. But not to drive too hard a conjecture which must remain conjecture, we may reasonably hope to find in the untrammelled, the almost unconditional life of the later and farther West, with its individualism limited by nothing but individualism, the outside causes of the first overflow of the spring. We are so fond of classification, which we think is somehow interpretation, that one cannot resist the temptation it holds out in the case of the most unclassifiable things; and I must yield so far as to note that the earliest form of Mark Twain's work is characteristic of the greater part of it. The method used in "Innocents Abroad" and in "Roughing It" is the method used in "Life on the Mississippi," in "A Tramp Abroad" and in "Following the Equator," which constitute in bulk a good half of all his writings, as they express his dominant æsthetics. If he had written the fictions alone, we should have had to recognize a rare inventive talent, a great imagination and dramatic force; but I think it must be allowed that the personal books named overshadow the fictions. They have the qualities that give character to the fictions, and they have advantages that the fictions have not and that no fiction can

have. In them, under cover of his pseudonym, we come directly into the presence of the author, which is what the reader is always longing and seeking to do; but unless the novelist is a conscienceless and tasteless recreant to the terms of his art, he cannot admit the reader to his intimacy. The personal books of Mark Twain have not only the charm of the essay's inconsequent and desultory method, in which invention, fact, reflection and philosophy wander in after one another in any following that happens, but they are of an immediate and most informal hospitality which admits you at once to the author's confidence, and makes you frankly welcome not only to his thought, but to his way of thinking. He takes no trouble in the matter, and he asks you to take none. All that he requires is that you will have common sense, and be able to tell a joke when you see it. Otherwise the whole furnishing of his mental mansion is at your service, to make such use as you can of it, but he will not be always directing your course or requiring you to enjoy yourself in this or that order.

In the case of the fictions, he conceives that his first affair is to tell a story, and a story when you are once launched upon it does not admit of deviation without some hurt to itself. In Mark Twain's novels, whether they are for boys or for men, the episodes are only those that illustrate the main narrative or relate to it, though he might have allowed himself somewhat larger latitude in the old-fashioned tradition which he has oftenest observed in them. When it comes to the critical writings, which again are personal, and which, whether they are criticisms of literature or of life, are always so striking, he is quite relentlessly logical and coherent. Here there is no lounging or sauntering, with entertaining or edifying digressions. The object is in view from the first, and the reasoning is straightforwardly to it throughout. This is as notable in the admirable paper on the Jews, or on the Austrian situation, as in that on Harriet Shelley or that on Cooper's novels. The facts are first ascertained with a conscience uncommon in critical writing of any kind, and then they are handled with vigor and precision till the polemic is over. It does not so much matter whether you agree with the critic or not; what you have to own is that here is a man of strong convictions, clear ideas and ardent sentiments, based mainly upon common sense of extraordinary depth and breadth.

V.

In fact, what finally appeals to you in Mark Twain, and what may hereafter be his peril with his readers, is his common sense. It is well to eat humble pie when one comes to it at the *table d'hôte* of life, and I wish here to offer my brother literary men a piece of it that I never refuse myself. It is true that other men do not really expect much common sense of us, whether we are poets or novelists or humorists. They may enjoy our company, and they may like us or pity us, but they do not take us very seriously, and they would as soon we were fools as not if we will only divert or comfort or inspire them. Especially if we are humorists do they doubt our practical wisdom; they are apt at first sight to take our sense for a part of the joke, and the humorist who convinces them that he is a man of as much sense as any of them, and possibly more, is in the parlous case of having given them hostages for seriousness which he may not finally be able to redeem.

I should say in the haste to which every inquiry of this sort seems subject that this was precisely the case with Mark Twain. The exceptional observer must have known from the beginning that he was a thinker of courageous originality and penetrating sagacity, even when he seemed to be joking; but in the process of time it has come to such a pass with him that the wayfaring man can hardly shirk knowledge of the fact. The fact is thrown into sudden and picturesque relief by his return to his country after a lapse of time long enough to have let a new generation grow up in knowledge of him. The projection of his reputation against a background of foreign appreciation, more or less luminous, such as no other American author has enjoyed, has little or nothing to do with his acceptance on the new terms. Those poor Germans, Austrians, Englishmen and Frenchmen who have been, from time to time in the last ten years, trying to show their esteem for his peculiar gifts could never come as close to the heart of his humor as we could; we might well doubt if they could fathom all his wisdom, which begins and ends in his humor; and if ever they seemed to chance upon his full significance, we naturally felt a kind of grudge, when we could not call it their luck, and suspected him of being less significant in the given instances than they supposed. The danger which he now runs with us is neither heightened nor lessened by the spread of his

fame, but is an effect from intrinsic causes. Possibly it might not have been so great if he had come back comparatively forgotten; it is certain only that in coming back more remembered than ever, he confronts a generation which began to know him not merely by his personal books and his fiction, but by those criticisms of life and literature which have more recently attested his interest in the graver and weightier things.

Graver and weightier, people call them, but whether they are really more important than the lighter things, I am by no means sure. What I am amused with, independently of the final truth, is the possibility that his newer audience will exact this serious mood of Mr. Clemens, whereas we of his older world only suffered it, and were of a high conceit with our liberality in allowing a humorist sometimes to be a philosopher. Some of us, indeed, not to be invidiously specific as to whom, were always aware of potentialities in him, which he seemed to hold in check, or to trust doubtfully to his reader as if he thought they might be thought part of the joke. Looking back over his work now, the later reader would probably be able to point out to earlier readers the evidence of a constant growth in the direction of something like recognized authority in matters of public import, especially those that were subject to the action of the public conscience as well as the public interest, until now hardly any man writing upon such matters is heard so willingly by all sorts of men. All of us, for instance, have read somewhat of the conditions in South Africa which have eventuated in the present effort of certain British politicians to destroy two free Republics in the interest of certain British speculators; but I doubt if we have found the case anywhere so well stated as in the closing chapters of Mark Twain's "Following the Equator." His estimate of the military character of the belligerents on either side is of the prophetic cast which can come only from the thorough assimilation of accomplished facts; and in those passages the student of the actual war can spell its anticipative history. It is by such handling of such questions, unpremeditated and almost casual as it seems, that Mark Twain has won his claim to be heard on any public matter, and achieved the odd sort of primacy which he now enjoys.

But it would be rather awful if the general recognition of his prophetic function should implicate the renunciation of the humor that has endeared him to mankind. It would be well for his

younger following to beware of reversing the error of the elder, and taking everything in earnest, as these once took nothing in earnest from him. To reverse that error would not be always to find his true meaning, and perhaps we shall best arrive at this by shunning each other's mistakes. In the light of the more modern appreciation, we elders may be able to see some things seriously that we once thought pure drolling, and from our experience his younger admirers may learn to receive as drolling some things that they might otherwise accept as preaching. What we all should wish to do is to keep Mark Twain what he has always been: a comic force unique in the power of charming us out of our cares and troubles, united with as potent an ethic sense of the duties, public and private, which no man denies in himself without being false to other men. I think we may hope for the best he can do to help us deserve our self-respect, without forming Mark Twain societies to read philanthropic meanings into his jokes or studying the Jumping Frog as the allegory of an imperializing Republic. I trust the time may be far distant when the Meditation at the Tomb of Adam shall be memorized and declaimed by ingenuous youth as a mystical appeal for human solidarity.

W. D. HOWELLS.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

HISTORY.

IN writing the life of the great Countess of Tuscany* Nora Duff went straight to old books, to published documents and some still unedited, and to first-rate historians, and her facts are probably indisputable, all of them. But the three great questions of the book she simply—as we may say in logic—begged. She writes delightfully, she presents full-length portraits of her leading figures, Matilda, Henry IV and Gregory VII; she recalls the vanished life of the Castle of Canossa and the personality of the faithful secretary, the monk, Domnizo; and she gives an amazingly lucid account of the difficult policies of Italy, especially in the south. No doubt to do this she simplifies her subject, but it is simplicity of a lawful sort that prefers to omit non-essentials rather than to hurry over confused details. She has almost an eighteenth-century quality in her directness of approach; her love of characterizing the main figures and omitting the rest; her preference for personalities over tendencies; her simple, unhurried fluency. The book, which is written for people of culture, not for archivists, cannot have too much praise for its clear method and its easy style. No pleasanter book can be fancied. If no such things existed as truths in religion, politics or history, it would be perfect.

But all that is not matter of fact and dates the author takes most for granted, where it is most in dispute. She presents a view of the intricate situation in Italy and Germany which is wonderfully plain and in a sense complete. But it is incredibly from a single point of view. She simplifies the natures of great figures; she cuts their psychology down and lifts their motives up, just as she simplified events, and with less happy result. Was

* "Matilda of Tuscany, La Gran Donna d'Italia." By Nora Duff. London: Methuen & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Gregory VII really this figure, of apostolic purity no less than apostolic fervor? Was Matilda no more than a dutiful and devout lady rich in her own right? And among all the charming chroniclers cited, out of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the early nineteenth, was there none to suggest that in Hildebrand's policy, his brilliancy and success lay the seeds of decay and destruction? Did she never guess that the scene at Canossa was the close of a first act, to which the last began only thirty years ago with a sentence engraved on the Hartzburg and a wall broken through on the Roman hill? She assumes, in brief, the complete wisdom and righteousness of Hildebrand's policy; the advisability of all he fought for, the impeccability of his motives from our own point of view even. This is history *a parti pris*.

It is not safe to assume so much. The disputed identity of the Countess Matilda with Dante's gentle lady of the earthly Paradise she affirms in two sentences and a foot-note, quoting a handful of names out of that particular tradition in criticism which does beyond question "back" the great Countess. But she offers no other argument, nor yet counter-argument, to the familiar objections which have been raised; and she naïvely implies instead of stating the main point she has to make—viz., that Matilda would be set there precisely to typify the visible church she served to such purpose, and to lead on to the manifestation of the church triumphant. The author is content to say that she "in lawlessness and barbarity stood for law and order." That is it! To the author, as to Gregory nearly a thousand years ago, Rome is order and the northern ideal is barbarity.

So she goes on, with the oddest alternation of twentieth-century standards of culture and eleventh-century standards of government. It would be conspicuously unjust to say she wanted candor or sincerity or was deliberately false to larger judgments of history,—for history does, in the course of a thousand years, declare a kind of right and wrong. From Dante to Lord Acton the Church at Rome counts a long roll of sons who have pronounced those judgments. This biographer has the same direct vision as a child and the same direct utterance in its own sense. She is true and fervent both. Yet no one would learn that the forged Decretals were forged from her. Again, in the matter of the Investitures, she is content to name and dismiss as simony the whole issue. Now any issue so vital to the tenure of kings and

the constitution of empires, as the feudal allegiance of those great secular princes, the bishops and abbots, cannot be dismissed as a mere sin, a species of "graft." So is the celibacy of the clergy treated as mere personal morality. Northern races have always wanted a married priesthood and have usually had it. Gregory could suppress for a few centuries what had been for a thousand years honest matrimony, but Luther was fatally to win it back. Historians have more than once suggested that there would have been no "Reformation" and no need for one had Gregory been indeed the saint our author presents instead of the prelate of whom his intimate supporter and friend, Peter Damian, said, "He ruled me like a holy Satan." The monk, Hildebrand, loved righteousness and hated iniquity, but the Pope Gregory wanted strength, and for the sake of strength, centralization at any and every cost; wanted power, and for the sake of power, money. Modern historians tend to reckon the scene at Canossa as a victory for Henry to say that Gregory's hand was forced there, as later it failed. And he died in exile.

If the Pope gets more than his share of the glory, Matilda's two husbands get scant measure. One would like to hear more of them. Even of Matilda some things are here unsaid. A hard partisan and a hard hitter; one who dealt stern justice, nor shrank from what we reckon cruelty; who took what came her way and what she took held fast; something with a man's power, a man's strength and a woman's persistency, a woman's intensity; so great among the great princes of the empire that her austere pride found its only fitting utterance in the superb formula of her choice, "Matilda, who, if she is anything, is so by the grace of God"—some such figure looms up through the darkness of the deepening centuries. It may be she was a more splendid soul than we have view of here, with more passions and whims, more terrors and lightnings—yet as presented she is a gracious and lovely presence, princely and right womanly.

The librarian of the Laurentian Library is as unpedantic as he is learned. With infinite charm and geniality Signor Biagi* recreates the daily life and mind of his city, half revealed through the shifting mists of half a dozen centuries. The material is al-

* "Men and Manners of Old Florence." By Guido Biagi. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1909.

ways fresh, vivid and trustworthy. The point of view is always sound and stable, the tone always indulgent and urbane. It is like Florence herself speaking with such wisdom and serenity as only old people and old countries know, never lax or cheap, never fretful or vituperative. The reader feels to an extraordinary degree, from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth, the real life of real folk in the world of homely detail and domestic duty. The style assumes in places an odd and not displeasing naïveté—as is not infrequent in translated work—but it is easy always and grows only the more intimate. The pictures cover seven centuries; they are unusual, all; new because they are so old. The most novel of the essays is that on “Good Examples and Good Manners” of the fourteenth century; the most sustained in importance is the biography of Tullia of Arragon; but the most charming is the last of all, which records the changing of the old order and the passing of the last, kindly, ineffectual Grand-Dukes of Tuscany.

These Jesuit letters* and other memorials of devoted men under persecution, though published half as a pious task, no doubt, and half for special students, make pleasant reading for amateurs if taken in morsels like cheese. The long-dead writers are both less rancorous and less exalted than might have been expected. Either they were cautious correspondents or they have been rigidly edited. But they are gallant gentlemen for the most part, whether rehearsing such rather puerile miracles as that of the young lady who said her prayers in the garden during a shower and was not wet or sketching as good a prison interior as any in the contemporary novels; and always they are incredibly quaint and human. It is good to remember that men have lived so sober, staunch and self-effacing.

Any full consideration of the admirable historical work Mr. Trevelyan is doing on Garibaldi† must be reserved for the end of the series of vivid and absorbing volumes, or, at any rate, for the end of the year 1860 and the exploits of the splendid Thou-

* “Memoirs of Scottish Catholics during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.” By William Forbes Leith, S. J. 2 vols. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

† “Garibaldi and the Thousand.” By George Macaulay Trevelyan. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

sand. Meantime every reader must pause to praise the ample and living and literary qualities of the work as scholarly as if it dealt with classic matter, but tinged and flavored by the testimony of witnesses, correspondents, interlocutors, who yet live, and further vivified by personal acquaintance with the ground both in the north of Italy and in the Mediterranean isles, which was the scene of the action. It is romantic rather than epical, adventurous rather than dramatic; the interest nowhere flags, and the style is a gentleman's and scholar's. So should history be written.

The greatest service of this book* will be to hard-pressed teachers. It presents in a handy form a great deal of information usually accessible only in libraries, and it reproduces a large number of miscellaneous pictures apt to pique the young mind. It has the life and movement of matter actually talked; selected and arranged to catch the eye and ear. It is not always fair to the Elizabethan people, however: that they were neither so much more cruel than we or so much more credulous, as the writer declares, his own evidence very candidly attests. To carry, for instance, a certain herb in the mouth as precaution against the plague need not be superstition; it may be antisepsis. And there is a rash statement (for another instance) on page 7 about the consequences of the defeat of the Armada. If Englishmen had waited till after 1588 to travel abroad, where should we all be now?

ESSAY.

Gleanings from the "Gentlemen's Magazine," under the editorship of Mr. A. H. Bullen, is bound to yield good reading, and it is high praise to say of the seventeen essays in this volume the eleven now for the first time printed excel in poetic charm and leisurely wisdom the six which originally appeared in that magazine. Leisurely wisdom, indeed, is the marked characteristic of these lovely essays. There is no startling brilliancy or wit, but the soft light of a quiet, kindly wit plays over all the essays and leaves us the better, the gentler, the kindlier, for the companionship of so wise a leader. The very titles of the essays

* "The Elizabethan People." By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

have some of the charm of the style. Such headings as "Way-side Wisdom,"* "Old Houses and Odd Dreams," "The Advantages of Poverty," "The Smoke of Cities," "The House of Wisdom," "On Travelling," "On Living Alone," "Death and Transfiguration," promise no more than they give of pleasant contemplation.

Here is an essayist who in a busy world pleads eloquently for the lost illusions, the sweet dreams and kindlier ways of leisure; despite all the hurry and rush and importance of getting on in life, he would have us turn aside to help a friend whenever we are called; to work, regardless of results, for the pure joy and love of an art; to give of ourselves to the things that are not seen, as the workmen in mediæval days devoted half a lifetime to carving perfectly some pinnacle never seen by any but the birds that fly about it. He has (or can it be *she* has) a loving eye for all sorts of scenery; even the flat lands that have no beauty in themselves, but only such as they borrow from the shifting seasons, from day and night, from the clouds and mists. "It is not," he tells us, "possible to miss the soul in a level country where, there being nothing to break the line of vision, the earth takes unto itself some of the characteristics of water by acting as a reflection of our moods." Once more to give the quality of the writer, we may quote from the "Smoke of Cities" a bit about Paris:

"There is no room here for things outworn, for the old or the foolish or the feeble. We must either work or enjoy, must spend or be spent—this is the first law of all life lived in common; when we can work no more we may creep away and hide ourselves in the country, and listen in our loneliness to the whisper of the earth that is deadened by the clamor of men's voices as the earth itself is choked and buried under the weight of the stones and bricks and mortar out of which we build our cities."

* "Wayside Wisdom." By E. M. Martin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.